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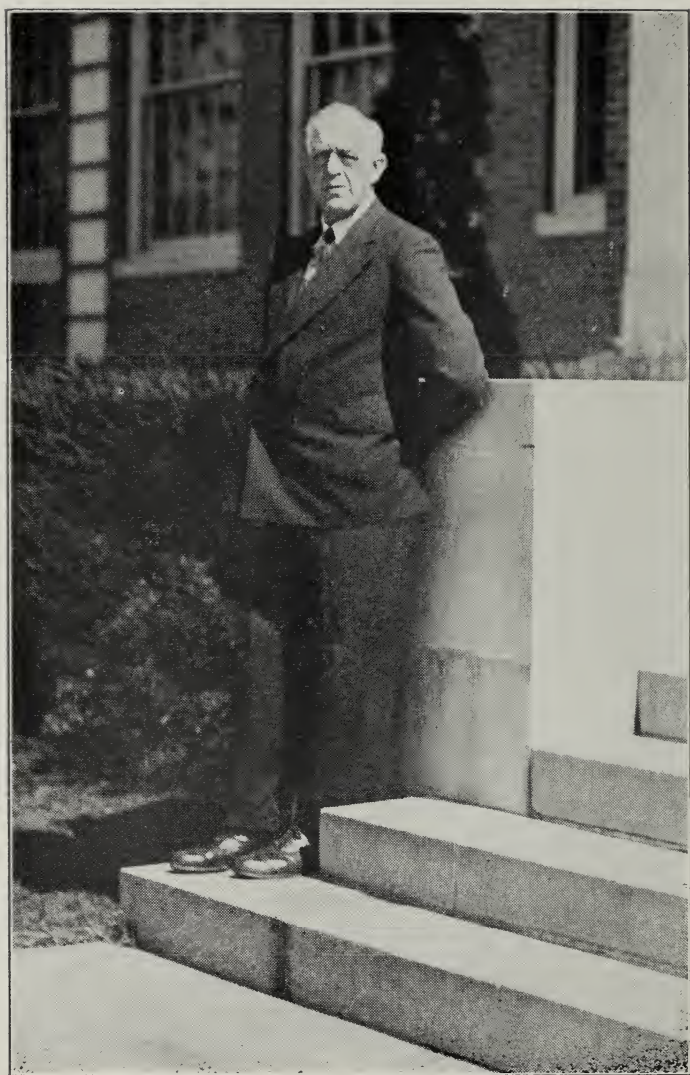
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THE CLASS OF 1942

dedicates this yearbook

to

Albert G. Waite

who has made us proud of our well-kept building
and who has been
a cheerful, loyal friend
during our high school years.

The "Tiger"

VOL. XXIII

IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS

JUNE, 1942

Published by the Senior Class of Ipswich High School

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Editorial.

We, earth's bright youth, the class
of '42,
Yearn to reform the earth's old ways,
to stamp
Our new-found thoughts on land and
sea and air;
For there we'd have our faster ships and
planes
Glide with majestic ease. We are on fire
To be away and doing things—real
things:
Wielding a keen sword forged in red
sunrise,
Tempered in the sea; building our
homes
Before we've made their blue prints.
Before we can
Reform the world with our young
thoughts and deeds
And raise our mighty airplanes and our
bridges,

And lead forth nations, there's a deeper
task,
Not of might only, which awaits us
each.
'A little kingdom we possess' to rule
Each in his way, with nobleness and
pride
Or scorn, indifference. Each graduate
Receives today a gift not tied with
ribbon,
Nor smothered in the world's congratu-
lations;
Too serious a gift to be displayed.
Youth, see! Each has his life, new,
bright, unspoiled,
To make a shining victory. What
power!
A tiny universe to lead, to build.
Build first our lives, and then the world
will grow.

R. B. W.

Literary.

THE SINGING FLAME

"O folk who scorn my stiff gray gown,
My dull and foolish face,
Can ye not see my Soul flash down,
A singing flame through space?"

—Fannie Stearns Davis

IT was a hot June evening in Berlin and the ladies in their stiff crinoline gowns fanned themselves impatiently as they waited for the evening's concert to begin. The crickets were growing more and more intolerable as they rang so persistently. It was with great disappointment that at length the ladies and gentlemen saw the singer approach the platform and sit down at the piano to play.

She had a plain, almost dull face and her gown was nothing to admire; probably it was last year's second best, for there was an unfaded place where the bustle had been removed. The bored ladies wished that they had attended the governor's ball instead of complying with that homely young Hans Anderson's insistence that they support the "Swedish Nightingale."

Nightingale, was she? Well she was home—.

Suddenly Jenny Lind began to sing! She lifted her well-formed head higher and opened her lips with a smile that spread over her whole countenance.

There was a joy in her eye and a grace in her body as she sang so clearly and sweetly the soaring Aria from Geordani's "Lost" opera. As she reached the cadenza on high G, even the crickets seemed to stop their breathing to drink in the rapture of that voice—.

How often we are like the self-satisfied ladies of that concert-hall! Our eye immediately sizes up a person without waiting for the opinion of the other four senses, or of that innate spiritual sense.

I cannot help but recall the experience that a friend of mine told:

"I was hurrying to the Grand Central Station in a taxicab. How provoked I was that a half-pint girl should have the gall to hail our speeding cab! I was more provoked yet when the driver actually stopped for her, though he knew that I was in a hurry to catch my train.

"Reluctantly, I moved over to give the girl room. If she had been a man, I shouldn't have tried to seem polite. I hardly noticed her except that she had dark, stringy hair and a French appearance; I kept my eyes glued to the scene of passing traffic outside of my window. At least she told the driver to stop. I happened to notice that she alighted outside of the Metropolitan Opera House. "Promptress", I thought.

"When the driver had started again he told me, 'That was Lily Pons!' "

Beautiful singing voices are not the only spirituelle qualities that are hidden by exterior plainness. In a little town in the Adirondacks is a shed-like building where an old carpenter lives. Every day last summer I used to pass his dwelling as I walked to the spring for water. He was amusing to me at first, an old codger with whom it was interesting to ruminate about the weather, and I learned from him an interesting sign: "When birds fly low over the lake, it is going to rain."

One day I discovered that he could discuss topics other than the rain. "Do you know," he said, "I was homesick when I first had to give up my teaching position in the city, but now I've come to love this country region so that I could never leave it." There was a light in his eyes, a gleaming, joyful intelligence. "Have you ever thought that our Creator meant every one of us to enjoy country life?"

I confessed, stupidly, that I hadn't.

"I am going to have some company next week," he continued, — "some folks from the city. Will you help me to show them the glory of the Adirondacks?"

We could all name numerous "camouflaged" souls — the hump-backed speaker who can fascinatingly recount the histories of every carillon in the United States; the schoolmate with the frayed shirt and patched trousers who we have found can paint

scenes to rival those of Maxfield Parrish.

There is another stanza to Fannie Stearns Davis's poem "Souls" that is very appropriate to quote:

"And folks, whose earth-stained
looks I hate,
Why may I not divine
Your Souls, which must be passionate,
Shining, and swift, as mine?"

—Ruth Wilson

ON LYING AWAKE AT NIGHT

"There is an hour when leaves are still,
and winds sleep on the wave;
When far beneath the closing clouds the
day hath found a grave;
And stars that at the note of dawn
begin their circling flight,
Return like sun-tired birds, to seek the
sable boughs of night."

WHEN this hour of night has come and all living creatures are silenced, the whole world sleeps—but me. At this hour of repose, although my body may be exhausted, my mind is lucid and active like a pert little imp, untouched by sleep, who wishes me to keep him company. This mischievous elf has compelled me to be a partner in his night ramblings ever since I first became acquainted with him. Since that time, my mind and I have traveled far and wide on the wings of night. We are a happy pair and accomplish wondrous deeds in the course of the night.

But it was not always like this, for at one time my hobgoblin and I were on bad terms. He tortured me with terrifying imaginings; he cared not for my tender years. Lurking in the wall next to my bed was a hand armed with dagger fingernails (a result of seeing a motion picture called "The Cat's Claw"). How I wished my bed was in the middle of the room away from the clawing hand. But there I would be near the stairway upon which something, frightening in its dreadful possibilities, was coming—to judge from the creak and groan of the steps. And all over my bed gloomy specters danced joyously—mocking me!

There I lay, alone with the terror of the night, with only my nose unprotected (the bed clothes were drawn up to my nose and my pillow served as a helmet). I could hear the peaceful breathing of my sisters and envied their untroubled minds.

I would block my ears to shut out such sounds and anxiously snatched at "the skirts of sleep." At times the suspense of pending dangers would become too much for my equanimity, and with sudden temerity I would take a flying leap from my bed, dash across the floor, regardless of obstacles, and into my mother's bed. Ah, night with its gaunt shadows suggestive of all nameless dreads was my enemy.

Although I suffered from these gloomy accompaniments of night, I think the time I most regretted having a sleepless mind for a bedfellow was

one night before Christmas. As usual, I was awake following my airy comrade as he led me from one thought to another. Far into the night we had strayed when suddenly I heard a sound near the stockings which my sisters and I had hung up for Christmas. Then I knew who was making the noise—it was Santa Clause! I was panic stricken! Steeped in the lore of childish fables, I realized that if Santa saw me awake he would leave only a bundle of sticks in my stocking. I pretended to be asleep, and the jolly old fellow was none the wiser; for after his footsteps died away, I investigated my stocking, and could tell by its shape that riches awaited me on the morrow.

However, as I grew older, my elfin mind found that it could no longer entertain me in our nocturnal wanderings with such airy or morbid fancies; I demanded happier fare for thought, and, being of a managerial nature, I got my way. It was then that we became such good friends, for when my mind promised to give me something pleasing to think about I was only too ready to follow his footsteps.

Together my mind and I merrily pursue an erratic course. It is really incredible, the space we cover and the things we accomplish. In one night many a mile of imagined knitting have I accomplished; and if a letter should have been written during the day, immediately it is mentally composed, signed, and sealed before I drift into sleep; in fact, this very essay has been

written and rewritten in my mind in the path of many a night's ramble. We even travel back into the past where we are amused by humorous memories. But wherever we wander the path is dangerous, for around each corner of a thought lurks a prickly worry. To avoid these rude fellows, my mind detours to thoughts of books—the most friendly paths of reflection.

Thus I have found that lying awake is really delightful, for if I can not sleep, I can at least "night"-dream.

—Joyce Bousley

CHOATE BRIDGE

Low in the river bed the old man kneels
To see his wrinkled image in the flow
Of crinkling, blackish water-whirls
below;

The stores are clustered at his head and
heels,

How stiff and out-of-date he feels;
His arching, aching back is bending low.
What varied travel he's supported,
though,

Hoofs, feet of Washington, and wheels.

But even now when wider roads we
need

Than his so narrow back for modern
pace

E'en speedsters slacken reckless rate to
heed

The sturdy grandeur of his ancient face;
He is our country's patriarch alone
Her oldest of arch bridges built of stone.

—Ruth Wilson

FALSE SPRING

A crocus in March,
Early March;
Lifting its long neck out of the dead
Grasses,
Peering to see
Endless, thrilling sky,
A singing blue.

Where once were bonds of white,
A river flowing
Black, black,
Gurgling with joy in its throat;
And one white seagull,
Dazzling white
Poised against liquid ebony.

Green, green,
The traces of grass in the field;
Oh, sweet, sweet,
The first Robin's note;
And bare, bare,
Children's emancipated legs
Jumping a rope;

But the next morning
A buried crocus,
A closed-in sky,
Grey slush,
Long stockings,
A stiff, cold Robin.

—Ruth Wilson

NIGHT HAS A CLOCK OF
HER OWN

Night has a clock of her own
With minutes of beech leaves and
crickets' wings
And now and then a far-off owl's cry;
And the hours slither slowly away,
in the darkness.
But when morning approaches,
Time leaps fast;
For a raucus cock's crow
Tells us at last.

—Ruth Wilson

Graduation Essays.

OUR RELATIONS WITH LATIN AMERICA

By Arthur F. Morgan

IN the midst of the chaotic world state and the harsh conflict of stubborn forces, it is comforting to note the peaceful, willing cooperation that dominates our Pan American Conferences and to learn that people have not forgotten how to be friendly and kind with each other. This spirit of cooperation has not sprung up overnight, but only by careful attention and tender nursing has it been cultivated. We must be on guard lest our newly-developed seedling be trampled by our old habits and trade methods.

There is an urgent necessity to keep this seedling growing and multiplying so that our system of government may be firmly established. Our progress so far has been comparatively small; our Southern neighbors are hesitant and dubious in their relations with the United States, still remembering the "Yankee imperialism" and the "dollar diplomacy" that held such dominating sway over the markets in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and still mistrusting as they comply.

The foremost reason for promoting better relations with Latin America is the securing of more harmonious ac-

cord and, ultimately, real and lasting peace. In each of the Pan American conferences a greater harmony has been shown: a true desire for peace has been the spur, urging a united effort to outlaw war and aggression, substituting in their place arbitration and friendliness. In the fast-gathering clouds of war where all countries seek to strengthen themselves by alliances and buffer countries, it is significant that we should try to make friends with the Latin Americans, to remain on a scale of equality with them. We need to make them feel that they are an integral part of our life and that their affairs arouse considerable concern in the United States.

Now in this war-torn world, with ocean lanes and commercial ties smashed, we need urgently the economic cooperation of our Southern neighbors as well as sympathetic understanding. Our trade with Europe was shattered just as was Latin America's. This fact should bring closer relations and greater dependence upon each other. Each country is confronted with the same problems—where to sell her products? where to find sources of raw material? how to develop these resources for future trade? Economic cooperation will never be attained unless we destroy the little nationalism that every country, yes, even the United States, has so selfishly built up. Tariff barriers will

have to be razed, and the spirit of protection must be crushed and destroyed forever. With the death of these age-old pirates, and the birth of reciprocal trade treaties, free trade in the Western Hemisphere and even throughout the world will not be far off.

No longer shall we need to use our diplomatic staff and government pressure to force our surplus products on Latin America. No longer will Latin America be a good field for rich profit and exploitation. But with the advent of this new internationalism, we shall enjoy enduring prosperity and happiness together.

But the most important need which must be present if both economic cooperation and hemispheric solidarity are to be successful is a closer understanding between the Latin Americans and the people of the United States. The ruler of each country must have public opinion behind him because diplomatic contracts and international agreements cannot be terminated successfully if the people of the countries do not agree on their compromises. We must let the cultural forces of Latin America have free play so that we may have a harmony of spiritual aims and a practical unity of resources. If these two objectives are achieved, the perfect union of people, cultures, and trade relations will be in sight. The best way to promote our Good Neighbor Policy is to act neighborly and to get acquainted with our neighbors. Through the exchange of literature we may become

better acquainted with our Latin American brothers. Only an intimate knowledge of their desires, shortcomings, successes, and failures and everything else that describes them as real human beings will make the Latin Americans seem more human and alive.

Many impediments have fallen in the path of Pan American progress. We have tripped over tariffs, we have stumbled over imperialism, and we have often been entangled with disputes and revolutions. Some of these impediments were the direct results of our foreign policies; others were unavoidable. But we must assume the blame for kindling the hatred that has burned against us for many years. We have allowed our mad ambition and lust for wealth and power to obscure our conscience while dealing with trade in ruthless, cunning ways. We have looked on our Southern neighbors only as good prospects for exploitation. We have disregarded them as a cultural or intelligent people; we have considered them ignorant and crude, fit only to be dominated and swindled; our only interests were benefiting our own businesses and amassing great fortunes from the Latin American market.

The main obstacle to Pan Americanism is found in the corrupt practices that we employed to sell our products at high prices and to crowd out any competition. We have exploited their resources and have persistently held the Latin American market in our powerful autocratic hold. If competition or ill-

feeling built up against us by their countrymen reduced our sales, we forced their sales by bringing government pressure to bear on the delinquent country. This policy whereby the government pushes our commercial relations is called "dollar diplomacy." This policy cost us many years of strained relations and slow recuperation. Through our blunders in the past, however, United States merchants may profit and may in the future enjoy better business relations and more friendly connections with the people to our South.

Besides combatting the effect of our earlier business methods with Latin America, it was necessary to hew down the tariff barriers which had so insidiously grown from the protection of immature, struggling industries to the huge levies to insure big businessmen that they would receive no competition from outside nations. Once any nation's products are overcharged at the customs, it will immediately retaliate with a higher tariff. Imports dropped as nearly every country made a tariff to keep out every other country and to encourage the plan of self-sustaining. Under this plan, a country would not only try to supply all her own needs, thus shutting off all imports but would try to sell her surpluses on the foreign markets.

This system, of course, could reap nothing but bitter hate for all the countries who taxed imports so high that it would be ridiculous to try to sell to them. Since the United States

was the biggest country in the Western Hemisphere with a reputation of fabulous profits reaped from trade, we were the center of their hate and abuse for so unscrupulously restraining foreign trade. The bitter memories of those times will require an enormous amount of good will to counteract the jealous hate for the American businessman.

Our early trade relations and our duels with tariff barriers are of little importance compared to the tremendous obstacle we find in the internal affairs of the Latin American countries and their inter-relationships. Each of these countries has built up a nationalism that is identical in all of them. Their conflicting ideas and policies have left violent jealousies and bitter hatreds so that instead of twenty countries living in peace and harmony our first Pan American Conference found many sullen and unwilling to confer with their neighbors. This scheduled Pan American Conference was postponed because of a boundary dispute which started a minor war. (Ironically enough, the purpose of this conference was to discuss ways and means of preventing wars.) This national jealousy has obstructed many of the Pan American resolutions. It was this spirit which we had to overcome before any real progress could be made toward further unity and cooperation of American nations. Our Good Neighbor Policy instituted by President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull broke down this

last barrier that for so long had kept nations apart.

Although our progress in Pan Americanism started rather slowly, it has gained momentum with each conference. We have been converted from a nation which believed in taking advantage of every other nation, exploiting its resources, and abandoning any enterprise that involves any risk, to a country which treats smaller countries as equals, which helps them with their problems, and which offers protection from any aggressive force. The bit of progress we made was in gathering the representatives of the different countries and actually working out recommendations of paramount importance. The first few conferences pioneered in liberal plans for hemispheric union. An arbitration commission, where all disputes between countries were to be settled, and a Pan American Customs Union, which would start the flow of trade again, were among the many plans the conference evolved. But the old feelings of nationalism prevented every nation from signing the adoptions.

Later the Latin American countries realized their danger from European nations if they failed to support these measures. The Drago Doctrine was the first result of a unified effort of a Conference. Everyone agreed to its importance and its creed. Under the Drago Doctrine no nation could collect its debts by force of arms unless the debtor refused to arbitrate. This pleased our Southern neighbors, and when we

stopped German and British gunboats from taking over Venezuela to collect loans, they were delighted at the way we dispersed them. Another convention resolution which met with much approval was the Non-intervention Policy. We supported this to the nth degree because we wanted no other nation acquiring a foothold in Latin America, and to prevent it we assumed the responsibility of foreign property.

These two resolutions which we have assumed to be a part of international law have helped to drive out the memories of our imperialism of former years and in the first two decades of the twentieth century our business with Latin America increased 500 per cent. This false prosperity was due, however, to the recession of European countries which were preparing for the World War. During this period we augmented our position substantially; we became better acquainted with the people, and they were friendlier toward us than ever before. These friendly ties helped defeat the Europeans when they strove for their old markets and for our new business. Britain and Germany sought to repel us by false propaganda, by discrediting our goods, and by taking advantage of the uneducated people. But the reputation built up during the early part of the century and the added impetus given at the Pan American Conferences defeated their purpose.

We really won over many dubious Latins in the Havana Conference because Calvin Collidge, the first president

who deemed the conference of so great importance that he attended it personally, and Charles Lindbergh went to allay the fears of the Latin Americans against the growth of another imperialism. Their attendance strengthened our position and dispelled all fears of us.

The advent of the Good Neighbor Policy exorcised the last vestige of hate and imperialism. The institution of our Good Neighbor Policy was simultaneous with the inauguration of Franklin Roosevelt. In his opening message he allayed the fears of Latin America with a declaration of our intentions: we would seek no more land, we would not force sales by dollar diplomacy, and we would not interfere with the internal affairs of any country. Further evidence of our receding imperialism was the abolishment of the hated Platt amendment and the planned liberation of the Philippines. Roosevelt made a special trip to Buenos Aires in 1936 to assure the Peace Conference that "America will protect the hemisphere from all aggression." This precedent of an American administration supporting so ardently a Pan American Conference was very pleasing to Latin Americans.

The one device, however, that has done more for encouraging friendlier relations than doctrines and protection is the reciprocal trade treaty which was proposed by Cordell Hull together with his broad interpretation of a clause in the Smoot Hawley Tariff. This tariff

was originally designed to raise duties. This clause allowed the President to raise or lower concessions on the goods of another country if we received similar concessions from that country. So we made treaties with each country reducing greatly the import levies and simultaneously the bitter feeling against us. The industries of South America are booming now that the United States market is open and our war program calls for increased production. The people of Latin America are in sympathy enough with us to drive out enemy spies and break relations with our enemies, and the sympathy is a direct result of reciprocal trade.

Now, through the efforts of Cordell Hull, Sumner Wells, and other progressive statesmen, the United States enjoys a closer harmony of government, business, and friendship with the people of nearly every country in Latin America than any other nation has ever received. As time goes on, more people are being converted to Pan American unity and cooperation which will probably blossom into a Western Hemisphere coalescence. But significant is the example to the world of what can be done when sincere peoples unite to adjust their differences and to work together for their mutual benefit.

I. H. S. IN CIVILIAN DEFENSE

By James Olds

TO protect a nation covering such a large area and with such a coast as our own requires more than the enlisted armed forces and therefore depends upon the civilians of each and every town and city.

These civilians must sacrifice time and effort to help make our shores safe from invasion. In view of the necessity of large numbers in these Civilian Defense Organizations it was found that many of the working people could not give their time without disrupting their business. The next available group of people to fill in in these jobs were the high school students of our country.

In this town of Ipswich the degree to which the students of the Ipswich High School have offered their time and dispensed with their pleasure is gratifying.

When the army asked Mr. Conary, as a past leader of the American Legion, to organize an Observation Post in this section he sought contacts with all the townspeople to find out who could give and would give their time until the end of the war in organizing an Army Observation Post. The response was great but the number needed was greater. He then went to the students of our high school and requested many of them to volunteer to assist as observers or plane spotters. Although to discourage quitters and whiners he made the picture as black as he possibly could

without exaggerating, the response which the pupils made was amazing.

Through the cold of winter and the rains of spring, while several of the older people dropped off for sickness or various reasons, the students of the Ipswich High School have continued to do their part. Of the two hundred observers and spotters now affiliated with the local Army Observation Post, over fifty of them are high school students.

To be a plane spotter or an observer is by no means a simple job. One must be constantly on the alert with one's eyes and ears straining for signs of planes. To do this task most efficiently it is necessary for each spotter to determine by hearing or by sight, the number of planes, the number of motors of each plane, and the direction the planes are flying. From the time that the planes are spotted to the time that all this information is sent into the Filter Center not more than ten seconds should intervene. This takes cooperation and quick thinking.

The largest number of high school students in any one Civilian Defense Organization, as compared with the whole, is enrolled in the Messenger Corps. The duty of these messengers is to keep the Air Raid Warden, to whom they are assigned, in constant touch with the local Report Center. In case all other means of communication fail, the responsibility rests on their shoulders.

In case of an actual air raid these jobs should prove very dangerous: therefore, only quick-thinking, reliable, cool-headed people are enrolled. With quick thinking and reliability stressed in high school it is no wonder our students are gladly accepted as messengers. About fifty per cent of the messengers are now high school students.

Another vital contribution of the Ipswich High School to the war effort was evidenced in the Defense Bond and Stamp Campaign. When the Treasury Department of our country started to organize a pledge campaign in this town, the newspapers printed an announcement to the effect that all those who wished to volunteer as canvassers in this campaign would meet at the town hall on a given evening. When the evening arrived, at least one-fourth of the volunteers who responded to the call were high school pupils.

Asking for money is never an enviable job and this interviewing of people for the purpose of eliciting pledges to buy bonds was no exception. Patience, tact, and courtesy were only a few qualities of character which the job demanded in order to make plain the necessity of these pledges. The pupils rose nobly to the demands made upon them and completed the task successfully. Some of the students, however, not content with just helping, took a bigger share of the responsibility by becoming section captains. Besides acquiring pledges themselves they had to see that their helpers had their share

done at the given time. After this they had to compile for their section a report which was to go eventually to Washington. There were many headaches among the captains at that time, but nevertheless they had the satisfaction of performing well their bit in the cause of freedom.

The students in the industrial arts division have shown their ability and at the same time have contributed a large share to defense work. In the first place they constructed twelve stretchers for the Red Cross, thereby saving money for more needful uses. The Report Center of the Civilian Defense Organizations of this town is now situated in a section of the high school that has been converted from a store room. After partitioning the room off and laying a new floor the boys made telephone report booths. While the shop boys were doing the construction work, the print shop printed four different application forms for various Civilian Defense Organizations. Altogether this year the shop division has done most of the construction and a good deal of the printing for the Town of Ipswich in its defense program.

Furthermore the Ipswich High School boasts students in every Civilian Defense Organization to which they are permitted to belong. We have members in the Convoy Corps, the First Aid Classes, the State Guard, the Administration Office, and we even have an assistant Air Raid Warden.

The students feel very proud to be able to help win this war of freedom. Many of them having obtained some training in the Civilian Defense Organizations have joined the armed forces and have found themselves much better off for the time that they sacrificed to these units. We now have six young men from this year's class in the armed service. The students feel that by helping in Civilian Defense they are helping themselves to become better citizens in the best country in the world, the United States of America.

POETRY, A LINE OF DEFENSE

By Ruth Wilson

ALL nations at war eventually come to play the fascinating game of rationing. It is a hard game, but everyone starts on an equal footing and shares the same handicaps until the play is over. It is a fascinating game, for everyone must take part and feel the sense of unity which comes from participating in a crucial contest. Moreover, rationing serves as a kind of intricate census by which the government can discover how many aunts, sons, fathers, daughters, etc. there are within its boundaries. The government can also compile statistics about height and weight so that newer, more accurate charts, founded upon the supposition that all men are created equal, can be hung in classrooms to show pupils how much they should weigh at a given age.

Every day we hear of some new product which the government is likely to restrict for public use. When we think of the possibility of giving up our afternoon tea, we wonder if something such as poetry will not be the next victim. Perhaps people are reading too much poetry, using up valuable eyesight and time. Rationing of poetry could be made according to the weight of brain divided by the average number of poems enjoyed per month, or some other such method.

Seriously, however, we realize that poetry is as necessary to the defense of national morale as submarines are to the protection of our naval forces. William Rose Benet, a critic and a poet himself, has written, "We have had to face the facts with bitter realism, and we realize that against a malign foe . . . nothing will avail so much now as airplanes and armored equipment. But we also know that in the end, nothing will avail so much for the world as dedicated art and the power of the intellect . . . It is up to the poets to give us some real light and leading." For an overexerted nation bending over factory tables for longer hours every week needs the illumination of a poet's insight to paint the true picture of the Goal for which the muscle-aching labor is given.

Understandably enough, then, of all the phases of the last war it is the poetry that we like to remember and still enjoy, rather than the battered tanks, and mangled bodies, the burning cities and the barbed wire, or even the Ver-

sailles Treaty and other "practical" phases of the war. It is the poetry that is immortal, for it lifted the world above the grim heartbreak and showed a Purpose and a Future.

A young Englishwoman, Sylvia J. Read, recently tried an experiment of reading poetry on various subjects, including the war, to soldiers in British camps. She approached the first such reading with not a few qualms that poetry and soldiers do not mix, but every selection was applauded. Some soldiers shyly produced verses of their own: many of them entered into lively discussion about poetry: one of them told her that the experience had been "more real than living"; and all requested certain favorites of the other world war to be read. Unfailingly, Rupert Brooke's sonnet, "The Soldier", was among the first to be requested. This sonnet was written shortly before the young tennis champion with all of a vigorous life before him, died of fever on the journey to the Dardanelles Campaign of 1914.

"If I should die, think only this
of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign
field

That is for ever England. There shall
be

In that rich earth a richer dust con-
cealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped,
made aware,

Gave, once, her flowers to love, her
ways to roam,

A body of England's, breathing English
air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns
of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed
away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts
by England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy
as her day;

And laughter, learnt of friends; and
gentleness.

In hearts at peace, under an English
heaven."

There were two other equally-loved poems written also by soldiers of World War I who died in action but left their verses to inspire and soothe their comrades and the rest of the world. John McCrae, a young Canadian Lieutenant-Colonel, challenged the living to carry on the cause of the valiant dead in "In Flanders Fields".

"Take up our quarrel with the foe;

To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high."

Alan Seeger was a young American soldier who died on Independence Day, 1916, in a battle in France. He tells us;

"I have a rendezvous with Death,
At some disputed barricade
When Spring comes round with rust-
ling shade
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous".

These are only three short lyrics of
a host of poetry that we like to remem-
ber from the first world war.

In the same way, in decades to come,
when the last bomb of this war has
exploded and even the gallant defense
of the Philippines is a paragraph in a
history book, there will be poems to be
remembered and loved by future genera-
tions. We cannot predict, of course,
which poets will survive, for myriads
of them are as yet unwritten: but we
can investigate the position of the
poets today, surmise what is uppermost
in their minds, and admire those verses
which seem to us the most inspirational.

Military life today, especially in the
fighting zones, is keyed to such a high
pitch of watchfulness that little "tom-
foolery" or poetry is countenanced.
Nevertheless, few poets enter the service
with the thought of utterly neglecting
the art. They somehow manage to find
a spare moment to write down the
poems that come to them. Whether at
home or in active service, the poets are
producing more poems than usual. Be-
cause of an acute paper shortage, there
is a minimum of books being published
in England, but statistics show that
there is nevertheless an increasing num-
ber of volumes of verse going to the
press!

Poets are not immune to discouragement. In fact, they feel sadness much
more acutely than ordinary individuals.
Yet when they allow themselves to in-
dulge in writing sombre, disheartening
verses when their mission is bringing
light to a war-sad world, they cease to
become a line of defense, and take the
shape of something almost subversive.

Sad to say, there are poets today who
indulge in writing bewildered poetry.

In this January's "Atlantic Monthly"
there was printed a poem called
"Dedication" which John Buxton, an
English prisoner in a German prison
camp, wrote to his bride back in
England. He recounts again their
favorite haunts, watching the wild
geese; tells her that the poetry is all he
has to send her; and he remembers bit-
terly the

"High-sounding names (Peace and Lib-
erty) that flaunted on our banners."

Another example of the discouragement
among poets was a manuscript
found under unique circumstances. A
Norwegian sailor wrote a letter in
poetry form to his wife and threw it
sealed in a glass bottle into the North
Atlantic shortly before the ship sank
from torpedo wounds. A French-
Canadian fisherman found the bottle
weeks later somewhere off Newfound-
land and sent it to the Government of
Canada. The poem, translated into
English, shows the author's despair that
a sailor's life is merely food for an in-
satiable sea. He urges his wife to take
his pay, his parents, and to forget him

by finding another husband since he exists no more. The last lines show a touching homesickness. He tells his wife to say goodbye for him to the fjords that he loved, in Norway.

Recently there was published in London a volume "The Best Poems of 1941" in which appears another example of the perplexed mood which many poets are experiencing. The following fragment is taken from the longer poem "The War God" by Stephen Spender:

"Why cannot the one good,
Benevolent, feasible,
Final dove descend?
And the wheat be divided?
And the soldiers sent home?
And the barriers torn down?
And the enemies forgiven?
And there be no retribution?"

But not all the poets are immersed in doubt and despair! Many of them have already given the world some real "light and leading". Often their courage springs from the blackest experiences. A new English poet was able to write the following lines during the dark days of 1940:

"My God, I thank Thee that my
course is set
with others of Thy choosing, at this
hour;
to see the right discerned, the challenge
met,
and battle given to the evil power;
to share the upward thrusting to the
light;
and all the grandeur of the stony
ways;"

Undoubtedly flying in the Royal Canadian Air Force seems but a mechanical accomplishment to many aviators. But to John Gillespie Magee, the 19-year-old son of an English mother and a clergyman of Washington, D. C., it was another thrilling experience in the adventure called life. Young Magee had been offered a substantial scholarship at Yale upon completing his secondary education at Rugby, England, and Connecticut. Having been promised that the scholarship would wait for him, he chose to enlist in the air corps last spring. In his spare moments he continued to write poetry, including the following inspiring sonnet:

"Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of
earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silver-
ed wings:
Sunward I've climbed and joined the
tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hun-
dred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and
soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring
there,
I've chased the shouting wind along
and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of
air,
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights
with easy grace,

Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind
I've trod

The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face
of God."

On last December eleventh, John Magee died in action with the Royal Canadian Air Force. His fame, however, was born when this poem, which he had written to his parents, was circulated among friends. The poem has been quoted in numerous editorials throughout this country; Merle Oberon is reading it impressively at the performances of the Hollywood Victory Caravan, and Archibald MacLeish, the Librarian of Congress, has ranked it with Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" and John McRae's "In Flanders' Fields."

Undoubtedly the most inspiring poem produced as yet in this war was written by Mr. A. A. Milne of London. Our generation knows him as the whimsical creator of inimitable children's classics "Winnie-the-Pooh" and "The House at Pooh Corner" as well as several volumes of verse about the personified teddy bear, Pooh, who went hunting heffalumps with Piglet, discovering the North Pole with Christopher Robin, or just had a little honey and a hum to himself such as

"The more it snows, (tiddle-y-pom)
The more it goes, (tiddle-y-pom)
The more it goes (tiddle-y-pom)

On snowing;

But no one knows (tiddle-y-pom)
How cold my toes, (tiddle-y-pom)
How cold my toes (tiddly-y-pom)
Are growing!"

Another favorite poem by Mr. Milne begins

"Christopher Robin
Had wheezles
And sneezles,
They bundled him
Into
His bed.
They gave him what goes
With a cold in the nose,
And some more for a cold
In the head."

Our parents know Mr. Milne as the author of several plays, written in the style of James M. Barrie, "The Dover Road," which our own Parish Players have produced, "The Truth About Blayds," and "Mr. Pym Passes By".

But in May, 1941, the world began to know an older Mr. Milne as an inspirational poet. While London was being mercilessly raided and Britain was as discouraged as possible, all the newspapers could do was scream the gruesome details and the newsreels merely pictured the grim horror of the destruction. But the "Man-who-wrote Winnie-the-Pooh" sat on the doorstep of his ruined home and wrote the following lines which show his faith that, although the man-made buildings are destroyed, and even if England herself were to be defeated, the God-ordained way of life will always emerge victori-

ous. Poetry such as this is one of our greatest lines of defense in the wracking experiences of war.

"Old London's time-encrusted walls
Are but the work of human hands.
What man has fashioned for us falls,
What God has breathed into us stands.
What if the splendor of the past
Is shattered into dust? We build
A monument that will outlast
Even the Abbey's span of days.
On broken homes we plant our feet
And raise proud hearts that all may see,
Immortal in each little street,
The soul in its integrity."

Class Day Parts.

CLASS HISTORY

By Jane Dolan

WE, the Class of 1942, after sailing through four years of happy high school life are now about to leave the portals of Ipswich High, ready and willing to face the somewhat uncertain and complicated world of today.

We entered our freshman year in 1938 with the usual carefree appearance and nonchalant smiles that hid the confusion and fear which we really felt as we looked at the many busy and confident faces about us. Many embarrassing incidents, however, such as finding ourselves in the wrong classrooms, dropping bottles of milk in the school cafeteria, and wilting under the patronizing smiles of the upper classmen,

gradually subdued us and we settled down to work in earnest. We became better acquainted with our teachers and our fellow classmates; we learned that algebra was quite different from grade school arithmetic; and some of the more hardy souls attempted to wrestle with the difficulties of the Latin language.

In due time we were initiated into the intricacies of parliamentary law when we held our first class meeting. We chose Charles Goodhue, Philip Burridge, Ruth Wilson, and Arthur Morgan as our class officers for the year and were firmly launched on our journey through high school.

During our freshman year, the ancient history class went to Boston to explore the museums, and although Mrs. Lord's chief desire was to interest the party in classic relics, our ancient history explorers found the sight of a pickled gorilla much more enticing.

In March some members of our class, also under the tutelage of Mrs. Lord, attended the annual flower show. Someone—it must have been Cruikshank—remarked on viewing the model of the monastery garden, "It's too bad that they build such nice little benches for two and then let only the monks use them." Betty Scott and others went to a cafeteria for lunch and wondered why the service was so slow.

In September of 1939, we again

entered the doors of Ipswich High as wordly-wise sophomores. We decided that during this year we would be governed by class meetings instead of by a student council as in our freshman year. Our leaders this year were Charles Goodhue, Philip Burrige, Wendell Hill, and Marjorie Pierce.

The sophomore Latin class made history when they attempted a reconstruction of Caesar's bridge on the river behind the school. Ruth Bailey discovered, to her dismay, that although the bridge held up slender Wendell Hill, it collapsed under the added straw of her weight.

At the close of the year, some members of our class were perhaps a little too eager in their responsibilities as check-room managers at the senior reception. Charles Goodhue, growing tired of working with the girls, promptly set up a rival establishment down the corridor. To overcome the handicap which resulted from the fact that people would naturally arrive at the girls' checkroom first, Goodhue hired some ushers to conduct people past the abashed girls (whose room they declared was infested with moths) to his scientifically-managed business.

The following September found us again back in school and caught in a rush of junior events. We were very proud to be upper classmen, for now we could sit in the middle section of the auditorium and get a good view of all the speakers and of the seniors as they marched in.

Our junior year was eventful, the first important matter engaging our attention being the Snow Carnival, the purpose of which was to raise money for the baseball team. Helen Pikul, one of our most attractive girls, was elected as our candidate for Snow Queen. Competition was keen and at the coronation ball which followed Helen, as the result of a tie score in the sale of tickets, shared the crown, or crowns, with Mae Morin, the sophomore candidate.

With the excitement of the Snow Carnival over, we settled down to more serious matters at hand, chief among which was the selection of our class ring, a tiger head with numerals. Pins and bracelets similarly decorated could also be purchased.

The highlight of our junior year, however, proved to be our Junior Prom on May 2 with all the girls blossoming out in gay colored gowns and the boys in their best suits and behavior.

Annual chemistry catastrophies were, it seems, more numerous and severe with our class. Anne Parsons, who as a nurse expects to be a future benefactor of mankind, left the chlorine generator going while she went out to get a whiff of fresh air! Only quick action on the part of Casey Olds saved the rest of the class from mass asphyxiation. Morgan's attack was probably the worst. We can see him yet pacing the corridors, his sturdy frame wracked by severe coughing.

We are sorry to say that at the end of our junior year we lost two of our outstanding classmates. Charles Goodhue, our freshman and sophomore class president who might have been our junior president as well had not his loyalty to Wendell Willkie prompted him to refuse a third term, left us for Governor Dummer Academy. Daniel Lunt, another popular classmate who enlivened many of our classes with his keen sense of humor, is now attending the Loomis School in Connecticut.

Our first three years of high school had flown by and in September of last year we became full fledged seniors, very grown up and dignified. Our leaders for this big year were Casey Olds, Evelyn Martel, Marjorie Pierce, and Wendell Hill.

During an assembly in the early part of the year, the "Cub" staff cleverly impersonated on the stage an issue of the "Cub" to encourage subscriptions to our school magazine. Appearing at the same assembly was the well known Joe Mitchell Chapple who publicly praised the "Cub" staff for their demonstration and elated us all by buying the first subscription to our school magazine this year.

During November we held the traditional senior Hallowe'en barn dance with the usual accompaniment of pumpkins, wagon wheels, and leaves, but, as a concession to the hay fever sufferers, the use of hay was reduced to a minimum. The laurels for the evening went to Jacky Marcaurelle and

Evelyn Martel, two scary ghosts who later in the evening came to life as two coal black pickaninnies.

Our Class has been busier than usual this year because many are engaged in defense activities or in part-time jobs. A group of us, however, did take time out to see a superb performance by Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson of "Macbeth." We sat in the peanut gallery and heard every whisper. Florence Jones was worried about how far Macbeth had to fall when Macduff knocked him over the parapet. She also shed a few tears over the unhappy fate of young Macduff. Most of us, however, left the theatre in a happy daze, thinking in iambic pentameter as we waited for our bus. A quartette of girls, including Sophie Haritos and Vera Arvanites were saddened at leaving their untouched sodas on the drug store counter when they were hurriedly summoned for the bus. They soon forgot their sorrow, however, and vocalized in the upper ranges of the human voice all the way home with hearty competition from Cruikshank and Blake.

Not all the fun of our senior year occurred in out-of-school hours. There was the time when Morgan, seeking the perfect crime for English class, stole his own chair from Study Hall, fastened the blame on Lombard, and then acted as prosecuting attorney in collusion with Judge Ruth Wilson who had also served in the capacity of accomplice. All the participants kept Clerk Ruth Bailey's telephone line busy demanding

legal technicalities. Needless to state the case was exceedingly corrupt and involved, and no criminal ever evinced greater relief than Lombard when the jury pronounced him "not guilty."

Senior Day before Christmas vacation was observed as usual except that as a climax to our party we introduced the innovation of a parade through the corridors singing Christmas Carols.

The crowning glory of our senior year was our senior play, April 15, entitled "June Mad." It was a comedy in three acts based on the difficulties of young teen-age people. The members of the cast and stage crew did themselves proud, and the play was highly successful.

We should not close this record, however, without mentioning the excellent showing of our boys on the athletic field, in football baseball and basketball. They either led or backed up successful teams during their years in high school. Some of the outstanding athletes have been William Smith, William Pardekas, James Olds, Richard Wells, Lowell Merry, George Retalis, and Russell Woodbury.

Since the beginning of the calendar year our days have been fully occupied with the usual round of activities and important decisions occupying senior classes. We had our pictures taken by Loring Studios of Lynn; we had the usual fight over caps and gowns which at one time threatened the permanent estrangement of the Lombard family;

and we kept our committees busy planning graduation activities.

Now that we have come to the close of an eventful chapter in our lives, we pause to express our appreciation to our friends, teachers, and lower classmen for the pleasant memories we carry away of four happy years in Ipswich High.

CLASS PROPHECY

Time: 1962.

Place: A dentist's office in Boston.

Characters: Joan Smith, a dental nurse; Donald Cruikshank, a patient.

JOAN. Good afternoon sir. Have you an appointment with Dr. Molar?

DONALD. No, I'm afraid I haven't, but my plate has been irritating my gums lately, and I wondered if the doctor could file it off a bit for me.

JOAN. The doctor is busy just now, but if you'll give me your name I think he can take you between appointments.

DONALD. Cruikshank Donald Cruikshank.

JOAN. Donald Cruikshank! Why Paddle, how are you? You remember me, one of your classmates at Ipswich High School.

DONALD. Of course I do, Joan Smith! Well, well, you fulfilled your ambition to become a dental nurse, I see.

JOAN. Yes I did, but what about you? What are you doing?

DONALD. Me? I'm a vaudeville singer. Remember—(sings a few bars of "This Love of Mine.")

JOAN. (groaning) Oh! please, Paddle. Not that! How could I forget? But tell me have you heard from any of our classmates?

DONALD. Well, I met Edgar Collins all right in a head-on collision yesterday while he was on his way to the hospital to perform an operation. We were towed into Charlie Barney's Super Repair Station.

JOAN. Speaking of Barney reminds me that I saw his pal Warren Thurston at the Circus last week lifting great weights as the strong man. I bought an ice cream cone from the Good Humor man, Anastasius Sotiropoulos.

DONALD. Whatever happened to your Shortstop friends?

JOAN. Well, Vivian Brockelbank has finally caught up with Brian Marcorelle, who after a brilliant flying career in the last war is now a commercial flyer and she a stewardess, Mary Emerson has called a truce with Robert Haskell and they've settled down for life. Ruth Bailey is buying for Macey's in New York. "Honey" Anzuoni, class actress, has teamed up with 1941's class actor and formed an Alfred Lunt-Lynne Fontanne partnership. Kenny Leet and George Jones are also on the stage.

DONALD. That's right; they were in our Senior Play. Who else was in that? Let's see, Johnny Blake has

undertaken his father's business. I heard Marjorie Pierce on the radio a few nights ago broadcasting some very tasty recipes. Our leading man, Lombard, has picked up where Einstein left off. Who else was in that play?

JOAN. Wendell Hill, a treasurer at heart, is now a wealthy banker on Wall Street, and Gertrude Prisby is a physical education teacher at Radcliffe. How about Casey Olds?

DONALD. Oh, I saw in the papers that our Ambassador to the Irish Free State, Casey Olds, was married this week to Annette Poirier. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Mosely, the former Marjorie Lemieux, were on hand to give them a great send off.

JOAN. Speaking of Poirier, Joseph is now in New York, a famous hair stylist. Say have you heard anything of our class athletes?

DONALD. Yes, Bill Smith is playing in the Major League now while George Retalis has turned family man and he and Olga are raising "little beavers." And need I remind you that Norman Hopping is doing commercial flying also.

JOAN. While on the subject of sports Pete Polychronopoulos covers for the "Boston Globe" all the games that Bill Smith plays and Ignatius Prisby is a basketball coach at Yale.

DONALD. How about that other girls' club, the Girls' Sorority?

JOAN. Of course, Betty Scott and Marguerite Torpey are nurses; Ruth Prentiss was married right after gradua-

tion; Phyllis Perkins is in the Ballet Russe; Florence Jones edits a column "There'll always be an England" on the same paper for which Catherine Lombard,—you remember our great talker,—writes a gossip column; Virginia Wood is a tennis instructor at an exclusive summer resort. Oh yes, that reminds me, I did hear Barbara Mackenzie on the Information Please program, and Virginia Lane has just completed the decoration of Senator Morgan's home. Julia Frydryck is his confidential secretary.

DONALD. Her friends Stella Aponas and Sophie Watroba are beauticians at Filene's beauty shop. Curator Howard Hill of the Boston Museum takes great pride in his collection of arrow heads. He informs me that Helen Amerio and Mary Eustace are custodians of the mummies.

JOAN. Helen's brother, Robert, and Sophie Haritos have gone into partnership in the Harco Clam Company. Their trucks go everywhere. If you want to see something really smooth look at "Esquire" over there and see Spiros Aloupis modeling men's clothes.

DONALD. Barley Wells is a district attorney. Ann Parsons fulfilled her ambition and became the district attorney's wife.

JOAN. Our class genius, Ruth Wilson, was hailed as "Woman of the Year" by virtue of her authorship of a book which was made into a movie, starring Helen Pikul. Florence Pickard,

another genius, is teaching Latin at the new Rowley High School.

DONALD. Tell me have you been to any dances lately?

JOAN. No, to tell the truth I haven't; so a few days ago I went up to one of Arthur Murray's dancing classes to brush up on a few steps. Who should turn out to be my instructor but William Viladenis! Sophie Terentowicz was also teaching a few fancy jigs.

DONALD. Well, the reason I asked was that I happened to hear Tommy Dorsey's successor the other night and immediately I recognized Yvonne Cuddemi, and Alice Czernacko was doing the vocals.

JOAN. Oh, that reminds me, speaking of songs and vocals, I see that Marjorie Speris and Jennie Thanos have attained something of a reputation for cowboy music. Jennie is the composer and Marjorie does the vocal honors. Tell me, Paddle, you always were strong for symphony music; have you heard or seen any symphony orchestras lately?

DONALD. Last Tuesday I decided I would spend an evening of relaxation and went over to the Boston Symphony Hall to hear one of the new series of Pop Concerts. On the way over I met Walter Rygielski who claims he owns one of the best skunk farms in the state. He has gone into the raising and selling of skunks in a big way. After I left Walter, I passed a store just before the Symphony Hall and what

should I see but a window display of Lamothe's Bugaboo; so of course I gathered that Eva had started a manufacturing plant.

JOAN. You started to tell me about the Pops.

DONALD. Of course; Well, Francis Bourque was conducting and doing as good a job as Arthur Fiedler ever did. Then an able pianist, Christine Stevens as guest artist took the limelight.

JOAN. I had the same idea the other night,—about relaxation I mean;—so I went over to Woodbury's Streamlined Bowling Alleys—and who should be bowling beside me but Senator Morgan and his bodyguard, Ignatio Chirco.

DONALD. Speaking of Chirco reminds me of Bombardiere who has risen from the ranks of cobbler and is selling shoes left and right at a big department store. Your hair is very becoming. Is that a new creation?

JOAN. It certainly is. Elaine MacKenney who is working for Elizabeth Arden gave me a facial and Sophie Avelis did my hair.

DONALD. Alice Mozdziej, who was our best-looking girl, is well preserved and conducts the Health, Beauty, and Poise column in the Salem News.

JOAN. That's funny; I was wondering about her the other day when I saw Margie Robertson scurrying over to the Massachusetts General in her white uniform. She stopped to talk with me only a moment and informed me that Madeline Appleton is a nurse maid for

a well-to-do family out in Jamaica Plain, while Helen Andrewsiewicz is doing secretarial work in the Hospital.

DONALD. It seems to me that I heard recently that the Budzianowski Brothers had taken over the Ipswich Theatre and had employed Barbara Babcock as head usher.

JOAN. Whatever happened to Alec Iwic and Raymond Marcaurelle?

DONALD. Iwic and Marcaurelle have opened a large photography business and one of their best models is Jane Dolan.

JOAN. That reminds me. Did you see in yesterday's paper all the commercial drawings by Virginia Beaton? She certainly is clever when it comes to drawing.

DONALD. That's right, I did see those, but I didn't realize that they were done by our class artist. Perhaps that's because I was so interested in Teddy Maciejowski's picture. You know he became a research physicist.

JOAN. I realized he was very good in physics but I didn't know he was that good. And still another surprise is the fact that Mary Murawski occupies the place in the hearts of the movie public recently vacated by Sonja Henie.

DONALD. Strange, isn't it, how our classmates turn up everywhere? I guess the world isn't so large after all. My father has hired a new domestic science teacher, Virginia Weagle, now a widow returning to her profession.

JOAN. She always seemed rather quiet for a teacher. Another quiet one,

in school anyway, was Christine Mourikas. I wonder what she's doing now.

DONALD. She's a secretary to Lowell Merry at the Merry Map-Makers, Inc. He performed a valuable service for humanity in helping to wipe Germany, Italy, and Japan off the map.

JOAN. Are you married yet? I understand that Evy Martel and Ruthie Comeau were, soon after graduation.

DONALD. Ruthie's chum, Alice Galanis, runs a huge milk bar, similar to Howard Johnson's, beside the new Strand. Gianefa Galaska is head cashier there.

JOAN. I think the doctor ought to be ready for you now.

DONALD. (looking at watch) I hope so because I have an appointment at the A & M Watch Co. Arvanites and Maniates, that is. They should be able to get home on time now, shouldn't they?

JOAN. It's been fun hearing all the news. Drop in again some time. You don't have to wait for the plate to start hurting. This door to the doctor's office.

DONALD. Thanks. So long. See you again.

GIFTS TO THE GIRLS

By Robert Lombard

Here's to the girls of '42!

Since the boys are to them as one is to two,

A gift for each was hard to seek:

The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak;

Still who can deny that such attraction Merits a gift for life satisfaction?

So please understand me, girls, when I mention

That behind every gift is a good intention.

For Helen Amerio, a jitterbug doll

Will fill the shoes of a boy at the ball.

A tisket, a tasket, who made that basket?

Andrewskiewicz and Murawski! how could you ask it?

For them these pins will serve to tell

Us all of the game they played so well.

For Honey Anzuoni a dress that is red;
We hope the glamor won't go to her head.

A copy of the "Cub" to Stella Aponas;
Her skill on the keys we wish she could loan us.

To Madeline Appleton a coin to toss,
To choose the soldier she'd like to boss.

A moving van Vera's style will not cramp

If it moves her close to a soldiers' camp.
To Sophie Avelis a soap box we'll lend
As a phone operator her height to mend.
For Barbara Babcock a pass to the
Strand

To see the ushers near at hand.
To Ruthie Bailey, our best dressed gal.
The latest model to boost her morale.
Virginia Beaton, our artist so quaint.
Gets as her gift a fresh can of paint.

To Vivian Brockelbank, our own Milly
Lou.

A box of glamor; romance is the clue.
Ruth Comeau and Prentiss, who soon
will be wedding.

These rings and our wishes for smooth
happy sledding.

Yvonne Cuddemi with feet far from the
floor

Will need a cushion, if not three or
four.

For Alice Czemacho who aims to sing
This throat-soothing bottle of listerine.
Jane Dolan, who views a speech with
horror,

May use this parrot to say it for her.

Mary Emerson wants a sailor:

This is one that will never fail her.

These handcuffs to Mary Eustace we
lend

To keep Helen Amerio her steadfast
friend.

When Julia Frydryck's white ribbon
wears out.

A change may be welcome, we have no
doubt.

Alice Galanis, who is always late,

With this (alarm clock) won't miss an
important date.

To Gianefa Galaska who has polka'd
to fame

This miniature poker to stir up a flame.

To Sophie Haritos a clam we give

To help her pop's business. "Long may
it live!"

Here's to cur Jonesy, a loveable clown,
Some animal cracks for circus renown.

To Eva Lamothe, a brand new tire:

Her boy friend now won't have to wire.

Virginia Lane, when homesick, wants
A shell to remind her of former haunts.

For Marjorie Lemieux to lesson her
woes

A gun to go hunting with a certain
Ben Mose.

For my sister a cap and gown—no
other—

I ought to know, for I'm her brother.

For Elaine MacKenney a pen and rule

To help her teach the district school.

For Barbara Mackenzie, assistant ed.,

Some yellow paper that can't be red.

Katheryn Maniates, may her troubles
be few

With a ticket to Beverly to see her
Goodhue.

To Jacqueline Marcaurelle a sailor,
we'll say,

To take Eddie's place while he is away.

Evelyn Martel loves a soldier dear

To write to him will bring him near.

For Christine Mourikas a Packard car

Two in the family will carry them far.

To Alice Mozdziej, our best looking
lady.

Skin lotion to keep her from looking
jadey.

For Olga Pappas, this one black sheep
For the future flock she hopes to keep.
To Parsons and Torpey these nurses'
caps
To wear when nursing some poor saps.
Phyllis Perkins, a cane, guaranteed not
to bend
To keep her from leaning on a poor,
tired friend.
For Florence Pickard, a funnel and
spout
To keep her from spilling the acid
about.
For Helen Pikul, our snow queen so
bright,
A crown of her own without any fight.
For Marjorie Pierce, a package of
matches
To burn up her headaches and class
notes and "scratches."
If Annette Poirier, a good Frenchman
at heart
Recites "Casey at the Bat", 'twill give
the Irish a start.
To Miss Gertrude Prisby who loves to
take snaps
This roll of new film. (They'll be
candid perhaps.)
Now Margaret Robertson needs a fine
horse
For buses to Dummer are frozen, of
course.
Some sugar for Betty and for sugar,
her pet.
Now, even with rationing, they'll be
all set.

For pert Joan Smith, this tiny pet
rabbit
Since Hopping has grown to be such a
habit.
For Marjery Speris who in Texas
belongs
A ten-gallon hat for her yodelling
songs.
A piano for Christine's nimble fingers:
Whenever she plays, enjoyment lingers.
For Sophie Terentowicz a sewing kit;
With well-made clothes she'll make
a hit.
A book full of stories is Jennie's desire
To read on damp evenings in front of
the fire.
For Sophie Watroba who's tiny and
light
A bunch of blond curls to add to her
height.
For Virginia Weagle, a tiny umbrella
To bring her in mind of a parachute
fella.
A book of blank pages for our poet in
embryo;
Give her a start and pouf! 'way she'll
go!
A miniature bike for Virginia Wood
To ride to the end of the world if she
could.
In closing, fair classmates, again I will
mention
Behind every gift was at least good
intention.

GIFTS TO BOYS

By Ann Parsons

After repeated failures to make any headway in choosing appropriate gifts for the handsome boys you see before you, I was about ready to give up. As a last resort, I went into solitary confinement with a glass of milk, a box of crackers, and some peanut-butter. It worked, for I soon had a brainstorm and a gift for each boy.

For Spiros Aloupis, our class baby, a pair of booties.

For Bobby Amerio, a shocking knife if he promises to shock only clams.

For Charlie Barney, our class machinist, a monkey wrench.

For Johnnie Blake, a former soda jerk, a banana split.

For Frank Bombardiere and Anastasius Sotiropoulos, shoe shine kits.

For Francis Bourque, class musician, another instrument to play.

For Phil Burrige and Peter Budzianowski, who are now committed to life on the sea, these life savers.

For Zenon Budzianowski, a box of stationery to write to Salem now that he can't get there so easily.

For Ignazio Chirco, class strong man, a package of nails to chew on.

For Edgar Collins, a magnet to hold his girls.

For Donnie Cruikshank, this canoe which we hope is big enough to hold his "Paddles."

For Carl Fyrberg, who has just begun to take an interest in feminine things, a bottle of perfume.

For Howard Hill, a root for the Yanks.

For Wendell Hill, class treasurer for three years, a pig bank.

For Norman Hopping, a package of Smith Brothers cough drops.

For Alec Iwic, a volume of horror stories to tell the children in his neighborhood.

For George Jones, bowl'n pins.

For Kenny Leet, an apron to wear in the A. and P.

For Bobby Lombard, a green glider to replace the one he smashed in the Senior Play.

For Teddy Maciejowski, some fizz for a physicist.

For Raymond Marcaurelle and Ignatius Prisby, some negatives to develop in pursuing their hobby.

For Brian Marcorelle, a fresh supply of post cards to send to Vivian.

For Louis Marcorelle, a cart to deliver groceries.

For Lowell Merry, a "Claire-inet"

For Arthur Morgan, a future lawyer, a bar to pass.

For Casey Olds, an ardent Irishman, a shillalah.

For Joseph Poirier, a bottle of wave set.

For Peter Polychronopoulos, a book of cross word puzzles.

For Beaver Retalis, alias Ramsey, a little lamb.

For Walter Rygielski, this harmless little pop gun.

For Bill Smith, a little nurse.

For Warren Thurston, our glass giant, a bean stalk.

For Dick Wells, who has snoozed through so many classes, a bed.

For Russell Woodbury, the red, white, and blue, to recall all associations with Good hues.

For Willie Viladenis, a prospective tailor, a pair of scissors for "shear" pleasure.

By the time each boy was supplied with a gift, the effect of my period of fasting had begun to tell on me, and I was ready for a nice juicy steak, which I think I had earned. I hope you boys agree.

CLASS WILL

BE it remembered that we, the graduating class of 1942 of Ipswich High School in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all wills by us at any time heretofore made.

After the payments of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

TO THE FACULTY:

Item: To our helpful and understanding principal and teachers we leave our sincerest thanks and deepest appreciation for making our high school days one of the happiest and most enjoyable periods of our lives.

Item: Hopes that in the near future classes will attend school regularly so that the system of slips may be abandoned.

TO THE STUDENT BODY:

Item: Longer gym periods.

Item: More dances and socials.

Item: Successful athletic teams.

TO THE FRESHMEN:

Item: A reminder that from now on they are considered grown-up and should act as such.

TO THE SOPHOMORES:

Item: A uniform class with an even number of boys and girls for the grand march at their Junior Prom.

Item: Best wishes for a successful Junior Prom.

TO THE JUNIORS:

Item: One last year to be among their friends before seeking a place in the world.

Item: Hopes that they won't be disappointed with their class pictures; but if they are they can always fall back on the mirror.

Item: A class of actors and actresses to assure a successful senior play.

To Mabel Argeropoulos, an automatic clam shucker.

To Eleanor Berard, a frog so she'll be able to recognize one more readily.

To Johanne Black, an outsize photograph album in which to keep snapshots of her boy friends.

To Rose Blunda, a jewel case to hold her jewelry collected from various sources.

To Claire Bolles, a pair of stilts to climb to a Merry height.

To Frances Bonczar and Jennie Demetrakopoulos, friendship rings.

To Joyce Bousley, a scholarship at Smith College.

To George Brown, an "X" gas ration card to insure frequent trips to Beverly Farms.

To Tommy Burke, a free pass on MacDonald's bus.

To Barbara Burns, a miniature wash board.

To Teddy Chmura, a seat in the movies for he must be tired of standing out front.

To Lewis Clement best wishes for a successful career in the U. S. Air Corps.

To Robert Conary and May Morin, the title of "Class Lovers."

To Buddy Conley, the exclusive right to form a foursome with the class lovers.

To Frances Cross, a "Good House-keeping Magazine."

To John Duff, the managership of the First National Stores.

To Lucy Eustace, a tramway, to make it easier to get to the top of North Main Street.

To Barbara Farquhar, a free pass to Billy Stone's dances.

To Audrey Fessenden, a can of "Flit" to keep "Buggs" (y) away.

To Rosalie Fisher, a bid for the honor roll.

To Marcella Fowler, a walking stick for her week-end walks.

To Claire Gallant, a career as an army nurse.

To Carol Harris, a soldier's emblem.

To Lillian Harris, a riding habit.

To Priscilla Harris, the title of "Most Dignified Member of the Class."

To Dorothy Henley, an entry in the contest for "The World's Best Truck Driver."

To Edward Hwalek, an intensive course in physical development.

To Jennie Jadul, an amplifier.

To Grenville Jewett, a release from sheep-shearing.

To Eleanor Johnson, a position as drummer in Phil Spitalny's Orchestra.

To Anthony Karol, a hunting license.

To Frank Kyes, a pair of "blindlers" to keep his eyes front in the classroom.

To Thelma LaCourse, a pair of skates.

To Shirley Larrivee, a tall companion.

To Jane Lathrop, individual waiting rooms for her boy friends so they won't meet.

To Donald MacIntyre and Jack Pickard, new English bicycles to replace their worn-out ones.

To Ruth Mackenzie, a companion to walk home from school with next year.

To Betty MacRae, another post graduate companion.

To Celia Mallard, a toy soldier.

To Leo Marcorelle, a sheep's skin so he can go around as a wolf in sheep's clothing.

To Mary Markos, a bicycle that her brothers won't be able to ride.

To Howard Martel, a year's supply of admittance slips.

To Florence and Viola Mavraides, identification bracelets.

To John May and Margaret Webb, a private parking place.

To Eleanor McGlew, a pack of her own notes to read.

To Donald McPhail, a successful year of journalism.

To Alice Miller, a position as assistant to Arthur Murray.

To Arlene Moody, an exercising machine.

To Trinity Pappas, "Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga."

To Jean Perkins, a special scholarship to Dummer Academy.

To Eleanor Pickering, a priority on next year's football hero.

To Percy Purington, a string to tie on his fingers to remind him to do his homework.

To Steven Putur, the title of "Class Athlete."

To Russell Riel, the title of "Class Funny Man."

To Buddy Robbins, a regular position on next year's football team.

To Joann Ross, a copy of the song "Hey Doc."

To Harris Savage, a megaphone.

To Lawrence Sheppard, a strong box in which to keep his class ring because we understand he bought a class pin to insure his keeping his ring for himself.

To "Chickie" Sikora, a championship cup for the best "jitterbug."

To Edward Smorzewski, a rubber baseball guaranteed to be harmless.

To Alice Speliotes, a pair of overalls.

To Maureen Sullivan, a free pass on the B. & M. Railroad.

To Barbara Swain, a tire ration card.

To William Senseney, a year round room and board in Ipswich.

To Victoria Terentowicz, a fishing license so she can go fishing with Walter.

To Clifford Thomas, the manager-ship of the Woolworth Stores.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hand and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will and testament this nineteenth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and forty-two.

On this the seventeenth day of June, 1942, the Class of 1942 of Ipswich, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence declaring it to be their last will and testament, and thereafter, we three, and in their presence, and in the presence of each other hereto subscribe our names.

James Olds. President
Evelyn Martel. Vice-President
Carl Fyrberg

GRADUATION PROGRAM

INVOCATION	Reverend Frederick C. Wilson
THE ORCHESTRA	"The Honor Legion March" - Vance
ESSAY — Our Relations with Latin America	Arthur Morgan
ESSAY — I. H. S. in National Defense	James Olds
THE CHOIR	"Roses of the South" - Strauss
ESSAY — Poetry, A Line of Defense	Ruth Wilson
THE CHOIR	"The Green Cathedral" - Hahn
ADDRESS — Today's Graduates and Tomorrow's World	Theodore Smith
PRESENTATION OF PRIZES	
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS	William F. Hayes, Chairman of School Committee
SINGING	"Star Spangled Banner"
BENEDICTION	Reverend Frederick C. Wilson

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

PART I.

“ MARY’S LAMB ”

by

HUBERT OSBORNE

The Characters

A MAN	Carl Fyrberg
A WOMAN	Joan Smith
A WAITER	Kenneth Leet
A BUS BOY	Thaddeus Maciejowski
A FLOWER GIRL	Virginia Anzuoni
AN OLD MAN	Arthur Morgan
PAUL	James Olds
MINNIE	Barbara Mackenzie

Scene: A corner in a Broadway Night Club

PART II.

Class History

Written by Jane Dolan

Delivered by Virginia Anzuoni

Class Prophecy

Time: 1962

Place: Dr. Molar’s office in Boston

Characters: Joan Smith, a dental nurse
Donald Cruikshank, a patient

Gifts to Girls

Robert Lombard

Gifts to Boys

Ann Parsons

Class Will

Carl Fyrberg

Music by I. H. S. Orchestra directed by Mr. Tozer

HONOR AWARDS — 1942

FOUR YEAR AWARD — GOLD RING

Arthur Morgan

Ruth Wilson

THREE YEAR AWARD — GOLD PIN

Donald McPhail

TWO YEAR AWARD — SILVER PIN

Joyce Bousley

Joanne Fuller

June Bousley

ONE YEAR AWARD — BRONZE PIN

Walter Pojasek

John Pechilis

Marian May

Herman Nelson

Jeanne Everitt

Robert Lombard

Arthur Ross

Lewis Clement

Chester Bowen

HONOR PUPILS

Seniors who have an average rank of 85% or over
for the four years

Stella Aponas

Julia Frydryck

Carl Fyrberg

Virginia Lane

Robert Lombard

Raymond Marcaurelle

Arthur Morgan

Christine Mourikas

James Olds

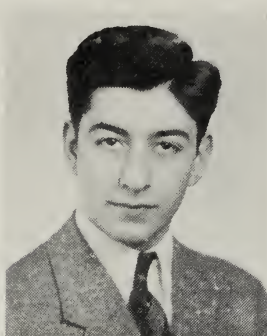
Florence Pickard

Peter Polychronopoulos

Jennie Thanos

Virginia Weagle

Ruth Wilson



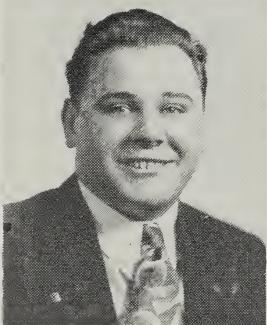
SPIROS ALOUPIS

"Spirie", because he has studied conscientiously every day, has received excellent marks in school. There are two Spiroses, the quiet, studious Spiros we see in school, and the humorous, jovial Spiros that his intimate friends know. He was chosen our class baby but we want it understood that this was because of his age, not his habits. He has a secret ambition which he won't disclose until he's well on his way. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.



HELEN AMERIO

Jonathan : David : : Helen : Mary
 Happy expression will
 Ever entrance with
 Liveliness,
 Eagerness
 'N' love of the dance !
 A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club.



ROBERT AMERIO

"O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified."
 "Veto" has had many experiences with Ipswich clams. He's shucked them, packed them, and sold them. One time he bargained the postponement of an afternoon slip for one-half a peck of selected delectables. Robert is very rhythmic and reminds one of Fats Waller; only he plays the saxophone. Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Treasurer of Varsity Club 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Football letterman 1, 2, 3.



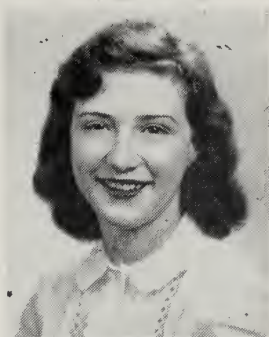
HELEN ANDREWSKIEWICZ

"Short and bright"
 Helen is always trying to convince people that she is five whole feet tall. She's just a "whiz" at typing and shorthand. Any girl who has played basketball with her knows something of her alacrity. She bounds around the ball and wins points and points for her side. She is very versatile, and can work as well as play. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; President of Commercial Club, 4.

VIRGINIA ANZUONI

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies".

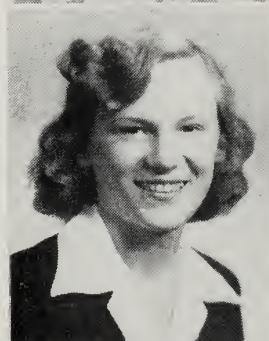
"Honey" is one of the sweeter members of our class, although she is forever wishing she had been in the class of '41. A great deal of her time and energy went into being the heroine of the Senior Play, a fifteen year-old girl, "Penny", who was a child one hour and a young lady the next. She lived the part, made us absolutely aware of her capabilities, and had us calling her "Penny" for days. She was voted class boyologist, but she can't help being so attractive. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; French Club 4; Tiger Staff. Basketball 1, 2; Senior Play Cast; Class Celebrity; Gir's' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.



STELLA APONAS

"Thee, too, modest tressed maid,
To thee I chant at close of day".

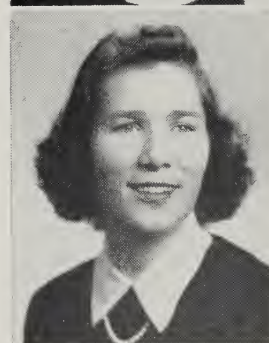
Stella is an efficient "Cub" typist and a potentially fine secretary who does conscientious school work. She also enjoys bicycle rides, hikes in the country, and skating parties up the river. Stella's quiet dignity is an unforgettable source of strength of our class. A. A. 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Cub Staff 4; Tiger Staff.



MADELINE APPLETON

"Mad. Apple."

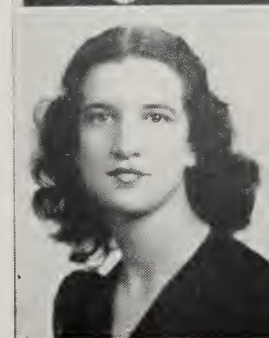
Madeline nearly left us this year when her family moved to Hamilton, but through her determination to stay, she obtained a job in town and graduated with us. She is renowned as a conversationalist who more than holds up her end of the discussion. Her time is pretty well occupied with her job and her homework, but we have heard that she is quite a belle at the Saturday night dances. A. A. 2; Basketball 1, 2.



VERA ARVANITES

"THE most resplendent hair"

Vera is a tall, slender girl with a mass of dark, curly hair, and dark eyes that are bright and glowing. Humming is heard—that is Vera with the latest song. In winter she skates; in the summer she dances and goes to the movies. A. A. 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Commercial Club Treasurer 4.





SOPHIE AVELIS

"Then her voice music . . . call it the well's bubbling,
the bird's warble."

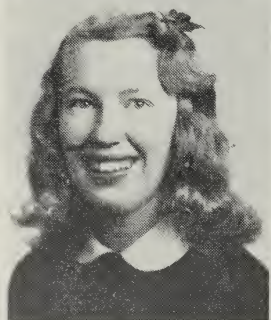
Sophie Avelis is always found in the mood for good times. Her beautiful brown eyes and frequent smiles give the clue to her personality. Sophie's pastime is singing and jitter-bugging. She is one of the girls who sings in the school choir. Where there is dancing Sophie will surely be there. She is either learning new steps or teaching friends the older ones. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial club 4.



BARBARA BABCOCK

"How sweetly doth she float upon the wings of silence".

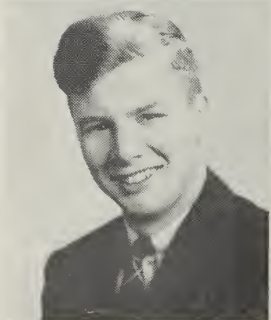
"Barbie's" smiles say more than words about happiness and accomplishment. She and her best friend, Christine Stevens, have been working together at the Rowley library this year. They also manage to attend nearly every football and baseball game, with Christine at the wheel. A. A. 3, 4; Commercial Club 4.



RUTH BAILEY

"Type of the wise who soar but never roam
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

To pass her off as our "best-dressed girl" would imply that her attractiveness was merely the department store variety. Her charm is rather some subtle compound of shining blonde hair (the waves are natural), amused eyes, home-loving spirit, and appropriate remarks humorously sprinkled throughout her engaging conversation. It was she who made the ninety-odd characterizations materialize despite War and Company! Right now she is probably saying "Now, Brock", or just "Morgan!" or winking to Miss Yagjian about some joke they don't even need to say aloud because they are kindred spirits. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3, 4; French Club 4; Latin Club 2; Basketball 1, 2; Cub 3, 4; Tiger 4; Commercial Club 4. Senior Play Staff.



CHARLES BARNEY

"Sonny" comes from that well-known town of Rowley. He is very good-natured and has a pleasant smile for everyone. He is usually seen riding around with Thurston in Thurston's car. He looks bashful to the casual observer but his friends who know him disagree. Maybe his sleepiness in school is a result of his frequent jumpings out of bed at all hours of the night to drive the wrecker to an accident. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

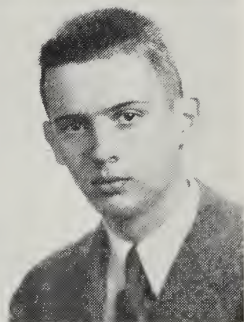
VIRGINIA BEATON

Virginia joined us last year, and that was two years too late. Since then, she has made up for lost time by supplying poster after placard for any school or class activity. Although she presents a reserved exterior, her mind must be overflowing with artistic ideas, for her sketchbook is delightful to look at. Thus she was selected our class artist.



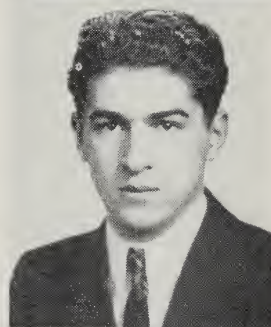
JOHN BLAKE

Are you looking for an experienced clarinetist or a "perfect" jitterbug, a proficient yachtsman, or a bowling companion who will also be willing to rise at an early hour on summer mornings to go clamming with you? All of these and more is John Blake, as his pal, Cruikshank, can testify. Although his heart is in the class of 1940, the rest of him is an indispensable part of our class. His service as vice president junior year, his humorous portrayal as "Honest John", the sheriff in our famous court scene, and his mere good-natured presence have kept us all in good spirits. We know that he will carry a ray of sunshine into the serious profession of military service which he hopes to enter. Band and Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Boys Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice President of Junior class; Senior play cast.



FRANK BOMBARDIERE

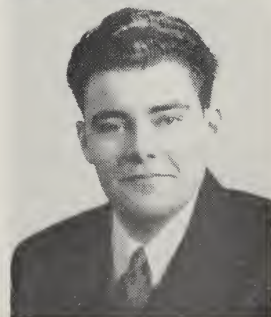
"Bony" is a frequent visitor to Beverly but as yet we have not found out who she is. Frank is often seen riding around in his shiny black Chevy, or was before the days of dimouts and gas rationing. Saturdays he may be found at his father's shoe store shining shoes. He is an airplane enthusiast and has built a number of large models. During the summer he took flying lessons at Plum Island Airport. Some day he hopes to join the United States Air Corps.

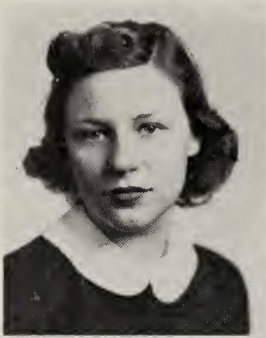


FRANCIS BOURQUE

"His very foot has music in it
As he comes up the stairs".

Francis received the overwhelming majority of votes for our class musician; in fact, he is the only member of our class who plays in a professional orchestra. We all envy Francis because he lives across the street from school. We come puffing up after a long hike only to see him calmly sauntering across the street. Anytime he's not over at the bowling alleys, he's home practicing on his saxophone. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Band; Orchestra; Baseball team.

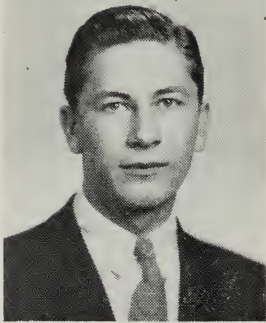




VIVIAN BROCKELBANK

"Give all for love: obey thy heart"

A-choo! a-choo! In love again, Brock? Her list of flames is even longer than the enumeration of her many activities, but we can understand why. For she bounds skillfully through her responsibilities, finds time for skiing and diving in season, and emerges from all these as bouncy as Tigger and ready for evenings of fun. Her greatest asset is her bottomless well of optimism; her one disappointment, her small stature. Apropos of this, Mr. Cenary is always warning her to stoop when she walks over a lawn lest she bump her head on the dandelions! A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Girls' Choir 4; French Club 4; Commercial Club 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Tiger 4; Senior Play Cast.



ZENON BUDZIANOWSKI

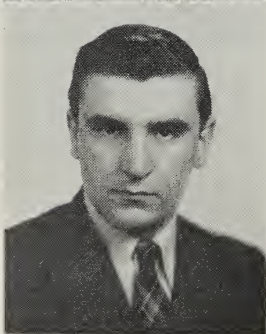
"Like a dog, he hunts in dreams."

We imagine he does, anyway, for he spends many of his waking hours gunning. Driving an automobile is another favorite occupation; and then, like all good sportsmen, he finds some "leisure to go a-fishing."



PHILIP BURRIDGE

Philip Burrige was our Vice President for two years, and has long been a capturer of hearts. When he had helped us through the 1941 Championship Football Season, he joined the Navy; but he came back for a peek at us at the Junior Prom.

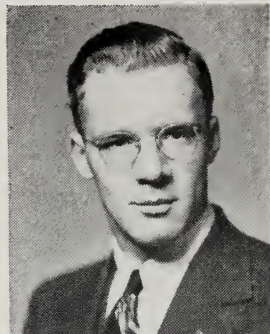


IGNAZIO CHIRCO

C an you behind the dark eyes
H is deepest thoughts discern?
I f we could but find out, such
R iches we could learn!
(C ourage is there, and laughter
O f strong men, not too stern.)
Football 1, 2, 3, 4.

EDGAR COLLINS

Edgar left us the last part of the year to go to Huntington, but he graduated with us. He plans to take up his father's profession—medicine. He'll cheer up his patients anyway. His usual greeting is a hardy slap on the back and a crushing of the hand. This wouldn't be just the tonic for a palsy patient, but cheer up, Edgar; it's the right spirit. A. A. 3, 4.



RUTH COMEAU

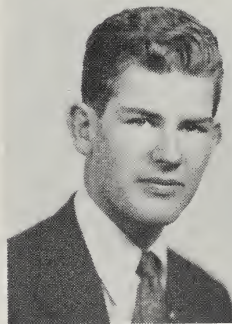
Here is a girl who lives on the outskirts of town and we're glad she picked Ipswich for her alma mater. What we want to know is how she keeps her shiny, black hair so lovely and her peaches and cream complexion so clear. If at any time you couldn't find a fork or a tuna fish sandwich in cafeteria period, you just asked "Ruthie", and she would willingly get it for you. Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Girls' Choir 4; Vice President of Commercial Club 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.



DONALD CRUIKSHANK

"Shall I wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?"

"Paddle" is the proud possessor of a new blond moustache, a pet ladybug (to play with in English class), and a black looseleaf notebook (without which he is helpless). He lost his English books regularly every Monday and twice on Thursdays. Seriously, though, he remains to date our most romantic figure, our most perfect gentleman, and, withal, our deepest thinker. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Band 2, 3; Tiger Staff 4; Cub Staff 4; Football Letterman 4; Latin Club 2; Senior Play Cast 4.

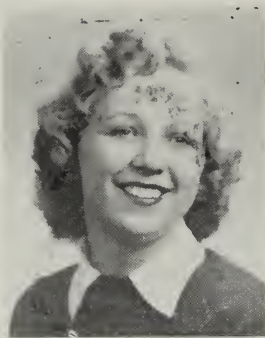


YVONNE CUDDEMI

"... the music breathing from her face".

Not only is Yvonne's expression pleasant, but she is a proficient trombonist who has been soloist at several of our Sunday concerts. Her ability to serve delicious meals at the cafeteria contradicts the popular theory that musicians are impractical. Because of her small stature, she has difficulty at school in finding seats from which her feet can touch the floor; but when she is on skates, touching the ground appears to be the least of her concerns. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4.

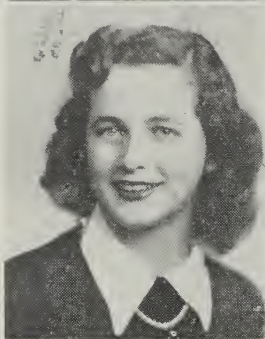




ALICE CZERNACKO

"By her hair you shall know her."

Alice has striking platinum blonde hair, and she knows how to arrange it to bring out its beauty. Alice entertained as the vocalist of a local orchestra this winter. When Alice comes in with red eyes and looks rather weak, we know she's had one of her fits of laughter. Frequently, she just can't stop laughing as something hits her funny spot. Girls' Glee Club 1, 2; Girls' Choir 1, 4; Commercial Club 4.



JANE DOLAN

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

Jane, otherwise "Janey" is a very quiet young lady who waxes eloquent now and then to defend the Irish. Her most intimate friend and fellow roller-skater is Eva Lamothe. Jane is quite the baby-take-care-of-er whom we see relieving many mothers by entertaining their youngsters for an afternoon. A. A. 3, 4; Basketball 2.



MARY EMERSON

"Miz" is one of our Rowleyites and is mighty proud of her native town. She always maintains that Ipswich High School would never have a football team if it weren't for Rowley's contributions. She's at every game cheering her fellow townsmen. She has a most engaging chortle, which escapes when we are least expecting it. Her spare time is spent knitting for the British seamen, and it is our surmise that she knits a chuckle into every stitch. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 3; Choir 2, 4; Latin Club 2; Commercial Club; Basketball 1, 2.



MARY EUSTACE

David : Jonathan : : Mary : Helen

For they are inseparable, and Mary hasn't a worry in the world unless, by some unforeseen circumstance, she can't borrow Helen's notebook. Even that catastrophe is forgotten when she dances the latest steps with an enviable skill. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

JULIA FRYDRYCK

"O world, be nobler for her sake."

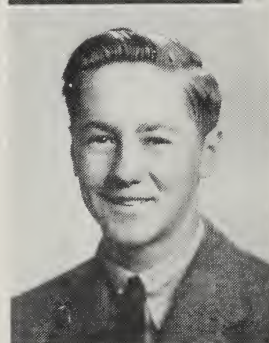
Julia doesn't talk about herself, but we can see, even through her quiet exterior, an active mind and a well-managed life. She is very efficient in her secretarial studies and loves to skate, dance, swim, bowl, and bicycle with her many friends after school hours. Sophie Watroba and she have been closest companions since the first grade! A. A. 3, 4; Commercial Club 4.



CARL FYRBERG

"For I am armed so strong in honesty."

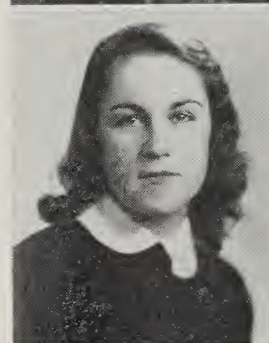
When Carl began his years in high school, we could not decide whether it was his laugh or Morgan's which was the more vociferous. Since that time, he has entered numerous other activities, always with the same vigor. The Latin Club remembers him as an asset with original ideas and enviable costumes; the baseball team claims him as one of its most reliable players; and the whole school is proud of him as a star skier at winter carnivals and as a well-rounded personality. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Boys' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 2, 3; Baseball Letterman 3, 4; Cub Staff 2, 3, 4; Tiger Staff 4.



ALICE GALANIS

"Jelly Beans"

One cannot describe Alice without at least naming her very special friend, Gertrude Prisby. Together they basketballled their way to fame last winter, despite the handicap of never having clutched a basketball before. Alice's long legs also came in handy when she swung over the parallel bars at our Gym exhibition. A. A. 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Commercial Club 4.



GIANEFA GALASKA

"Is she not more than painting can express?"

Indeed she is. Her intimate friends know her as a jolly person who saves her extra minutes for a boat ride now and then; who can hold her own on the dance floor. We had guessed she was full of fun because of the look in her merry brown eyes. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Girls' Glee Club.

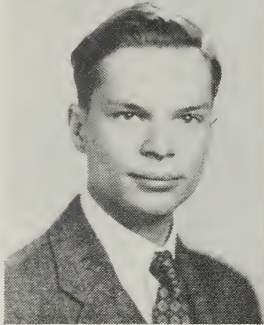




SOPHIE HARITOS

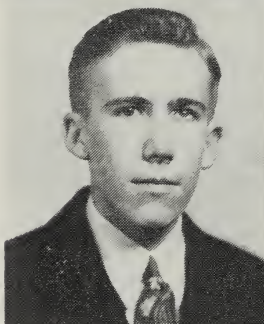
"Where joys forever dwell."

Sophie's hair is dark silk with auburn highlights and carefully manoeuvred pompadour. Have you noticed a dependable second soprano in the second row of the Girls' Choir? That is Sophie. Undoubtedly you've heard her and her sister perform duets—going home from school, during cafeteria period, or coming home from the "Mac-Beth" trip. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Girls' Glee Club 3; Girls' Choir 4.



HOWARD HILL

Howard is one of those lucky people who have a license and he is often seen running around in his family's Oldsmobile. In school he runs around with the "Laughing Gas Gang" of Morgan, Fyrberg and Lombard, who as their name implies, have given some good guffaws in their time. He may often be seen with his nose to the ground looking for Indian arrow heads. He has collected a great number of them and is quietly and justly proud of his fascinating collection. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball Letterman.

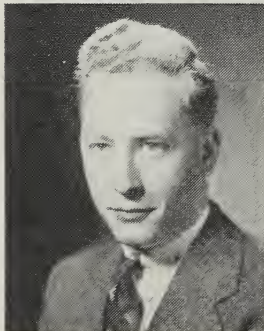


WENDELL HILL

"No coward soul is mine.

No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere."

Windy is not at all scatterbrained, as our favorite name for him would imply. On the contrary, he has managed our class treasury for three years with marked success. He has also been business manager of the "Cub" and the "Tiger". Many an afternoon has found him cranking the mimeograph in room 107. But his life is not all business. He is usually the first to enjoy the many amusing occurrences in English class. Boys' Glee Club 2, 3, 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer of class 2, 3, 4; Cub staff 3, 4; Class Celebrity; Senior play cast.

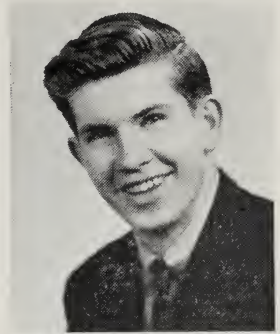


NORMAN HOPPING

"Seen Smitty?" is Hop's favorite question and he waits till he gets an answer. It's been pretty difficult for us to keep track of Hop. He lived on Topsfield Road; then he went to Rowley, and now he is on County Road. He has been an active member of our champion football teams and survived several injuries this year. He has quite recovered, however, and continues to enjoy his hobby of basketball. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President of Varsity Club; Basketball.

ALEC IWIC

The old saying, "Six feet tall and no brains," is only half true as far as Alec is concerned. His tall frame is topped by a pair of penetrating, thoughtful eyes. We often find him fascinating the younger generation of his neighborhood with his weird tales and horror stories. If you ever happen to walk by the auditorium on Mondays and Wednesdays during sixth period, it's a sure bet that the inevitable smack of a basketball against the door has his arm behind it. Alec also conducts miniature wrestling and boxing bouts. Almost any time between the months of November and March he can be found on the Ipswich River; between May and October he'll be in it! A. A. 4.



FLORENCE JONES

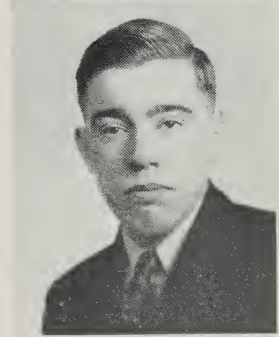
"O to be in England"

Wherever "Jonesie" is, there is always action. We cannot conceive of the boredom of a class without her. Whether she is struggling with a left cartwheel for Miss Huston, or worrying to Mr. Conary about the imminence of an explosion in laboratory, or defending England in English class, she does it with all her refreshing zest and naivete. We expect to meet her in five years with the same vigor and capability and the same delightfully auburn hair plus the position of foreign correspondent for the _____ Newspaper, Inc. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 4; Commercial Club 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play Staff.



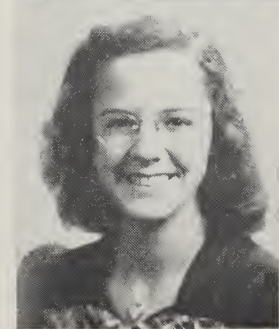
GEORGE JONES

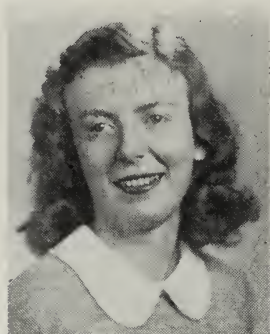
Have you heard of Jonesey? (No relation to Florence, although they had us guessing for a while.) Of course you have; everyone knows our George Jones. He is the class gloom-chaser, especially around exam time. His broad smile mirrors itself in the faces of those about him. His special hobby is bowling; so the class of 1941 willed him a pair of bowling shoes. He has made good use of them at both ends of the alleys. His ambition is to become World's Champion in that muscle-developing sport. His portrayal of Tony in "She Stoops to Conquer" showed us what a good actor he is. We can still hear the work "Ecod" ringing in our ears! A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.



EVA LAMOTHE

Little Eva. Don't believe her
When she says, "I've quiet ways."
For she can turn a somersault
And roller skate without a fault.
Since we but flip and flop and flounder
In gym we stand admiring round her.
Basketball 1.





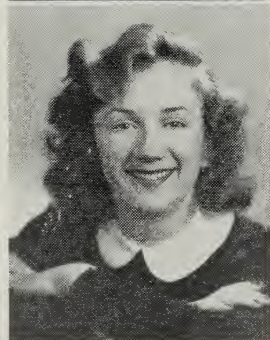
VIRGINIA LANE

Virginia is one of our redheads, and we can remember when she had long ringlets. To the casual observer, she is a quiet, demure, and dignified girl, chiefly occupied by her studies and quieting any outbursts of talk and laughter; but there is another Virginia who has a sense of humor and delights in doing the unconventional. For several years she lived in an enviable spot, the beach, but when all her clubs flocked there for special outings, perhaps she longed for a glimpse of green grass. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Treasurer of French Club 4; Commercial Club 4; Cub Staff; Tiger Staff; Senior Play Cast.



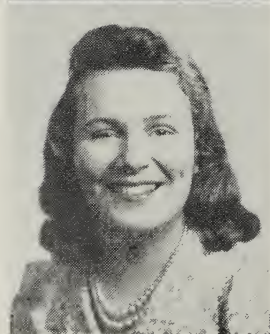
KENNETH LEET

"He makes sweet music with the 'enamei'd stones"
Or rather, with the ivory keys of a piano. When he consents to play for us, there is nothing else to do but listen and admire. His performance of Dr. Wood, the perplexed father in our senior play, was another treat which we will long remember. His is the gift of self-possession, whether he is presiding at an Epworth League Meeting or serving at the A. and P. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Boys' Glee Club 1, 2; Senior Play Cast 4.



MARJORIE LEMIEUX

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!"
Margie is the charming inseparable companion of Annette Poirier. This year much of her spare time has been spent in hunting and other sporting activities with a Mr. "Boiling Point" (as her chemistry instructor is prone to call him.) She is one of the few people who knows how to take a joke. Perhaps that is why she is the butt of so many. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3.



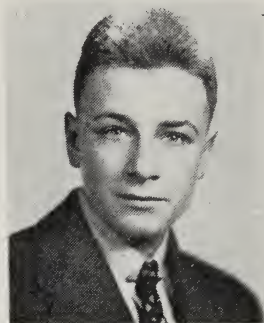
CATHERINE LOMBARD

"I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend."
She is a capable girl with a calm outlook on life who has the courage of her convictions. She has taken an active part in class affairs, showing the most outstanding leadership on the Junior Prom Committee. She was not reserved in the cap and gown argument, either. Her convictions were well founded, and she had an answer to every criticism against them. Girls' Glee Club 1, 2; Girls' Choir 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Basketball 3, 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

ROBERT LOMBARD

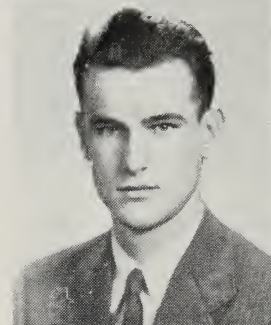
"He sees the sunrise in the sky,
The dew upon the grass."

That is, he is up early enough. Before we studied poets and writing poetry in English Class, he confessed that all he looked at was "the paper he threw, to make sure it landed on the doorstep." Lompy was the innocent victim of a crime within the crime in English IV A. He bore the false accusation of guilt like a man, but gave a whoop of delight when the jury pronounced him "Not Guilty." He deserves much credit as manager of our victorious football team. He was a virtual "regimental bhishu Gunga Din," carrying water to the many injured. Cub Staff 3, 4; Tiger Staff: A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club; Manager of football team; President of Class 3; Treasurer of A. A. 4; Boys' Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Latin Club; Class Actor; Most Popular Boy.



THADDIUS MACIEJOWSKI

If ever you are going up the Ipswich River on the ice and come upon some delightful, skillfully-executed zinnias or circles or names, you may be fairly sure that Teddy has been there before you. When he puts on his skates his shyness leaves him and he is an ethereal creature with steel wings. In school he is shyly minding his own business and doing his lessons thoroughly. He is always dignified and mannerly and one of the most admirable members of our class. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.



ELAINE MACKENNEY

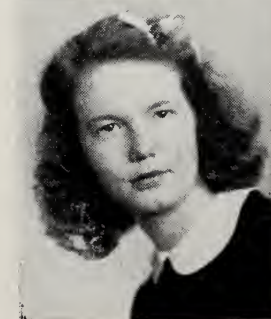
E yes,	M any
L ips,	A maiden
A nd	C an rate very high, but
I mpish smile;	K now that Elaine is
N ever doubt	E ager to try to
E laine'll beguile.	N oose a
	N ew friend.
	E laine's smile will tell
	Y

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4.



BARBARA MACKENZIE

Here is our slowpoke. Her clock has to be set ahead a half hour so that she can arrive on time. She proved herself, however, a capable business manager for the Senior Play. Her life is an open book to her friends, but as they are her friends they don't tell. Her arguments in debating have always been sound. She has the necessary qualities for a good teacher and the best wishes of her classmates. A. A. 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 4; "Cub" Staff 4; Assistant Editor of the "Tiger" 4. Business Manager of Senior Play.





KATHERYN MANIATES

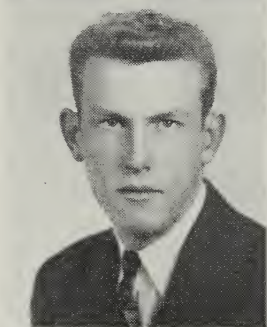
"And her eyes are dark and humid like the depth on depth of lustre."

Katheryn always makes certain that her friends are comfortable and satisfied. Her unselfishness is only one of the reasons why she is admired by all her friends who find her so congenial. Wherever there is jitterbugging, there is Kay, for it is her favorite pastime. She is just waiting to finish school so she may go in training as a nurse to do her part in the defense of our country. A. A. 3, 4; Commercial Club.



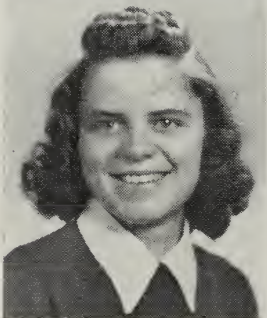
EVELYN MARTEL

Evy is one of the pillars of our class. Maybe we've tired her with all the work we've piled on her, but she has done it well and cheerfully. She never seems to be free from committee meetings, and she always seems to be the chairman. She was voted our most popular girl. Her activities aren't limited to committees; we picked her as captain of our senior team because she was such a good basketball player. Evy seems to be a born leader. Vice-President of class 4; Cheerleader 1, 2, 3, 4; letter-girl 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Girls' Choir 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain of basketball team 2, 3, 4.



LOWELL MERRY

"He is one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul desired to fret a passage through it." Lowell's tall stature and quiet, pleasing voice made him an indispensable part of our championship football team and a much-admired asset to the girls. Although his heart is centered in the class of '43, we cannot imagine our class without his refined, cordial presence. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Letterman 4; Varsity Club 4; Class representative 1.



JACQUELINE MARCAURELLE

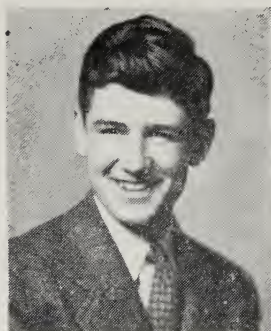
"Jackie"

Jackie is one of our cafeteria sandwich-makers. It's a fine position as long as the sandwiches are good, but if they aren't - poor "Jackie"! She and "Evy" had a great time at the barn dance when as ghosts they took tickets. They had everyone guessing. After they had finished that prank they became little black pickaninnies, jumping around and dancing with boys and girls alike. Girls' Glee Club 4; Vice President of Girls' Glee Club 4; Basketball 1.

LOUIS MARCORELLE

"Dar'st thou—now
Leap with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"

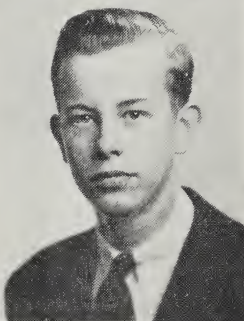
Here is another handsome classmate who likes to go hunting and who swims to perfection. He left us early to enhance Marcorelle Brothers with his presence as truck-driver.



RAYMOND MARCAURELLE

"But it was even thou, my companion,
my guide, and mine own familiar friend".

Raymond is the fourth in the row of Marcaurelles in Study Hall. However, he has his own way of spelling his last name, just as the others have. This proved quite bothersome in English when classmates' names were our spelling lessons. Raymond is forever having fun at the expense of his constant friend, Alec Iwic. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club.



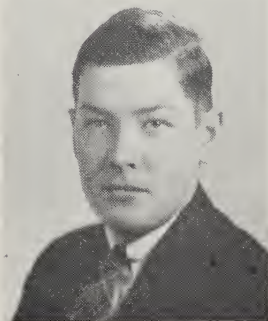
BRIAN MARCORELLE

Bree-on was a lively spot in any class in which he happened to find himself. So it was with a great regret that we and the girls (for he was a great ladies' man) saw him leave to become a private. From his cheerful letters we read between the lines that his buoyant spirit is not letting the Army down.



ARTHUR MORGAN

Morgan is a vital element in our class organization. The week that he was absent with the measles we didn't know how to get along. The way he reads off sentences from a blank page baffles us; the way he eats makes us hope he will find a good cook, (although he asserts he is going to be his own); the way he laughs makes us laugh; the fact that he was chosen to write a graduation essay makes us proud of him. That Morgan was chosen as both optimist and pessimist shows he has done a bit of bluffing in his day; but his biggest bluff was his acting as prosecuting attorney in our famous court scene when he was the criminal! A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice President of A. A. 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Debating Club 2; Class Treasurer 1; Manager of Basketball 4; Latin Club 2, 3; Secretary and Treasurer of Latin Club 3; Cub Staff 3, 4; Tiger Staff 4; Honor Award 1, 2, 3, 4; Graduation Essay 4.

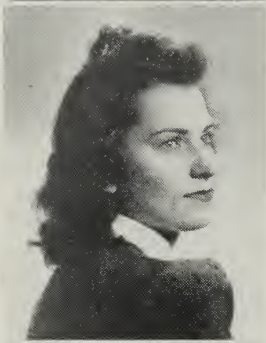




CHRISTINE MOURIKAS

"The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties: while she hides, reveals:
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
What e'er the Grecian Venus was."

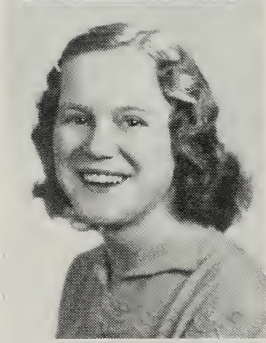
Here is "Tina" who is as petite as the nickname implies. Her activities are as dark as her naturally curly hair, but we detect a laugh and a friendliness behind the brown eyes. Girls' Glee Club 1, 2; A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4.



ALICE MOZDZIEZ

I know a nimble maiden
With soul too blithe for pride
Who scatters smiles full laden
With cheer on every side.
In sport her bright day passes,
Not unknown to the men.
She out-attracts all lasses
With pep and looks: but then,
The world needs her: God meant her
With heart too glad to hide.
Wherever she doth enter
There can no gloom abide.

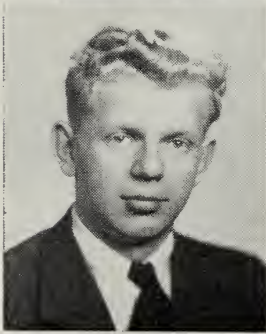
Glee Club treasurer 4; Commercial Club 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Prettiest Girl.



MARY MURAWSKI

"Nimble and light of limb"

Mary is a sparkling maid whose vivacity seems to add extra height to her five feet. Her four years of splendid basketball playing were climaxed by her membership in the Girls' Varsity Team this year and her election to the captaincy of that newly-formed organization. It is not surprising that she also makes a charming, graceful appearance on the ice and on the dance floor. Commercial Club 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain of Varsity Team 4.



JAMES OLDS

James Patrick Casey Olds was "Mervyn" in our Senior play. We enjoyed the play tremendously but we doubt if he did because he was suffering under an expanding lower jaw, and the necessity of evading Vivian Brockelbank. Casey was our class president during this last year. We really took notice when he banged on the desk and demanded order. When he learned that he was supposed to write a graduation essay on some subject which interested him, he impulsively chose "Women" for his topic. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club 4; Class President 4.

OLGA PAPPALIMBERIS

"She walks, the lady of my de'ight,
A shepherdess of sheep."

Olga was such an amiable, skilled penman, typist, and office girl that a defense office's gain was a tremendous loss to us in April. While she was still with us, however, she acquired a pet lamb for herself, the title of "class lovers" for her and George Retali, and the nickname of "Samsey" for him. Commercial Club 4; Secretary of Commercial Club 4; A. A.; Girls' Glee Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" staff; Class Celebrity.

ANN PARSONS

Ann's as brave as lions when we're running
in the park;

Ann's as brave as tigers when we're lying in
the dark;

Ann's as brave as elephants. She never, never
cries . . .

Except (like other people) when the soap gets
in her eyes."

Her hair of spun gold is the reason for her nickname, "Blondie." She is a sturdy athlete who can out-run and out-bend the other members of her gym class. The boys love to try to get her goat, but they are really very fond of our class businesswoman. She has chosen nursing for her career. We foresee for her a path which leads to the management of a great hospital. Cub staff 3, 4; A. A. 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 2; Glee Club 2; Girls' Choir 3, 4; President 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; French Club; Tiger staff; Cheerleader 3, 4; Senior Play Staff 4.

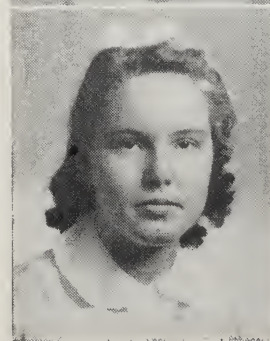
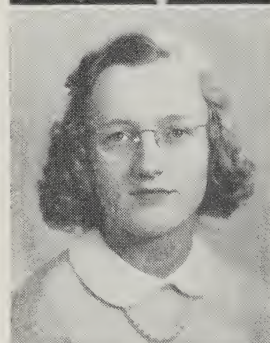
PHYLLIS PERKINS

Phyl is never content with merely writing notes in school, she insists on walking all around the room for an actual interview. Another hobby which produces much mirth is her custom of getting support from a fellow-pedestrian. Homework is always prepared to an envious perfection, and then her beloved little niece is the fortunate object of Phyl's attentions. For a long while we thought she was going to use her dancing ability in her career, but now we learn that secretarial work has claimed her. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Commercial Club 4; French Club 4.

FLORENCE PICKARD

"Genteel in personage
Conduct, and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free."

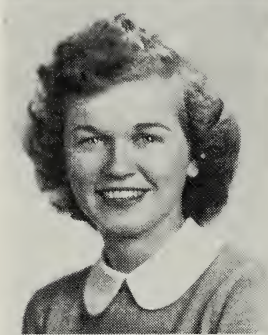
Florence was the only person in the college course to "take" Latin four whole years. She also was exposed to Chemistry longer than the rest of us, for, as apprentice, she braved the explosive study a second year to hand out sparingly charcoal, copper sulfate, limewater, and ranks. Her love of the out-of-doors materialized in many a walk with Eleanor Haley and many an enviably fine essay for English. Although few people are aware of Florence's clear soprano voice, those who have stood next to her in chapel or listened at the Rowley church realize that she possesses a rare one. A. A. 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 2, 3, 4; French Club 4.





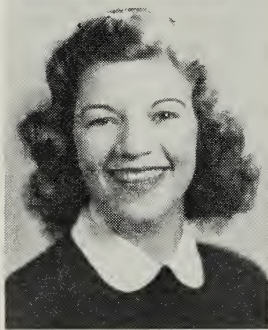
MARJORIE PIERCE

Marjorie has been the competent secretary of our class during the last three years. Mr. Conary put two and two together and nabbed her for his secretary this year. It would be certain that she'd achieve great success in this field, if we didn't know that she has practically decided upon the more important position of homemaker. Marjorie has a beautiful voice with which she has often entertained us. Girls' Glee Club 1; Girls' Choir 2, 3, 4; Baton twirler 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary of class 2, 3, 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club; Senior play cast.



HELEN PIKUL

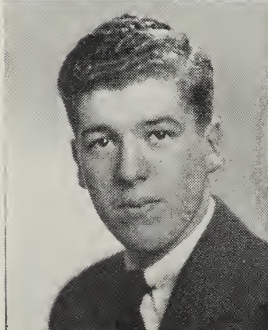
Helen Pikul, one of the two victorious queens of the Snow Carnival in our junior year, was a good running mate for the title of "prettiest girl". Her hobby is dancing, and she has generously offered to teach any of the boys to dance for the reception. She always has plenty to talk about and emphasizes her remarks with a lively toss of her blonde bob. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Snow Queen 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain of team 1; Science Club 1.



ANNETTE POIRIER

"Wherever I am, there's always Marge.
There's always Marge and me."

Annette Poirier is the cousin and constant companion of Marjorie Lemieux. They seem to have a wonderful time all the time. Another strong interest in her life is our class president; but their breaks and mends keeps us on our toes. Annette can conveniently be found in the movies any time the show is on. She sits in the last row with an ice cream cone in one hand and a bag of chips in the other. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.



JOSEPH POIRIER

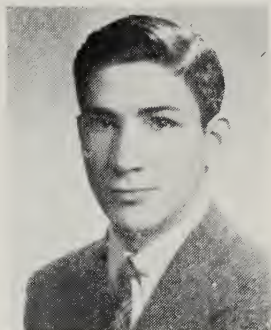
"I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen".

Joseph Poirier is one of two boys in the senior French class. He patiently endures our silly nonsense and even attends our parties. It has always been a question whether those deep-set waves are natural or whether he painstakingly sets them. We'll give him the benefit of the doubt. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 4, Secretary; Boys' Glee Club 3, 4.

PETER POLYCHRONOPOULOS

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy".

We know that Pete could tell us a great deal if he ever started, but he remains to date silent, except to his intimate pals who assert that his jokes are worth hearing. His close friends also hint that he is an ardent worshipper of Vaughn Monroe and dreams of playing under his baton some day. Pete's extra time is taken up with cross-word puzzles, both the English and the French varieties. A. A. 2, 3, 4.



RUTH PRENTISS

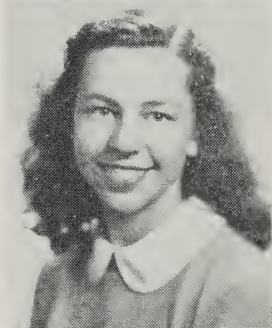
Ruth is to be the first to take the big step of matrimony and we all wish her happiness. She tied for the title of best home maker, an achievement which should be reassuring to Charlie. Her address will be somewhere in Connecticut where she has already invited her friends to share their two room apartment. Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.



GERTRUDE PRISBY

"We're here, Mrs. Wood."

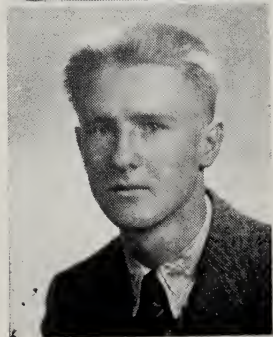
Gertrude and Wendell Hill speaking in the senior play. It was their greatest line and they said it holding hands. Seriously, though, Gertrude is "there" at gym practice, (where her long legs win the admiration of everyone) or in her seat when the 8:00 o'clock bell rings. Her naturally-undulating hair is another of her charms. No wonder that Alice Galanis heads a long list of friends and admirers! Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Basketball 4.



IGNATIUS PRISBY

"My eyes make pictures, when they are shut."

His hands do, too; for he is already quite a photographer. He loves to develop snapshots and has already established quite a photographic reputation in his neighborhood. Fishing and bicycling and championship basketball playing also claim his valuable attention. A. A. 2, 4; Basketball letterman 4.

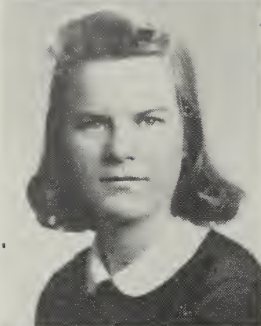




GEORGE RETALIS

"And sometimes, feeling full of fight
He hurries out to scour the plain."

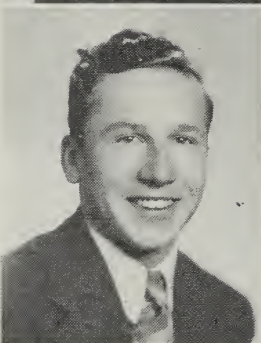
You all know a young man who walks amongst us nonchalantly, but in whose veins runs true Spartan blood. This was proved by his unexcelled ability in the line of our football team. "Beaver" astounded us in physics and chemistry with his wide knowledge of radio and its intricacies. He holds us in awe while he explains the technical differences between modulating waves and high frequency waves with the ease we could master only while differentiating between peanut butter and strawberry jam. Technicalities do not monopolize his life, however, for he is the larger half of our class lovers. Freshman numerals: A. A. 1. 2. 3. 4; Varsity Club; Football Letterman.



MARGARET ROBERTSON

"To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And watch the world with noble horsemanship."

Margie has always been fond of horses. One of her ambitions is to raise bigger and better ones. She loves the out-of-doors. A whirl of snow on Heartbreak Hill or on Little Neck is usually Margaret on skis. Much of her time is taken up with Governor Dummer Academy but we like to think Ipswich High shared a large part of her interest too. A. A. 1. 2. 3. 4; Girls' Glee Club 4; Drum Majorette 1. 2. 3. 4.



WALTER RYGIELSKI

"Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?"

Walter is one of the few members of our class who has planned his school work with a definite goal in mind. His employment in the General Electric company. It is not surprising, then, that such a good planner should give plenty of time to swimming and skating and be an expert rifleman as well. A. A. 3. 4.



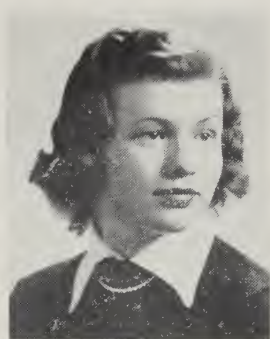
BETTY SCOTT

"Hello! this is Betty;
Service with a smile."

Betty is well known for being a good sport and even the freshmen accept her good-natured ribbing with wide, selfconscious grins. She delights in teasing people and doesn't seem disturbed when the tables are turned. Betty is never one to leave a prank half done! She also has a serious side to her nature which loves to discuss current events (even though she is always right!), and which has chosen the important profession of nursing. A. A. 1. 2. 3. 4; Glee Club 2. 3. 4; Basketball 1. 2. 3. 4; Debating Club 2; Tiger Staff 4.

JOAN SMITH

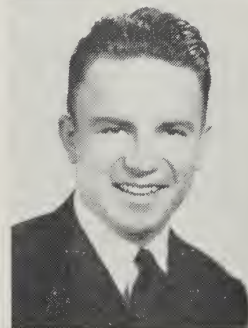
Joan (pronounced Jo-an, please) has a remarkable laugh which begins in her boots, completely disrupts any imminent scolding, and captivates all within hearing distance. Her accomplishments are many. She demonstrated her vigor as a co-leader of the cheering section with Evelyn Martel, and as a star sprinter in gym. She has recently become entangled in the fine art of knitting and has already produced various articles for her head, hands and feet. Joan leads a pleasant social life with Pic, Honey and Viv as her closest confidants, but of course she reserves much of her time for Hop. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Basketball 1, 2, 3; A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary of A. A.; Tiger Staff; Cheerleading 1, 2, 3, 4; President of Girls' Glee Club 4.



WILLIAM SMITH

"Father calls me 'William'
Mother calls me 'Will'
Sister calls me 'Willie'
But the boys all call me 'Bill'."

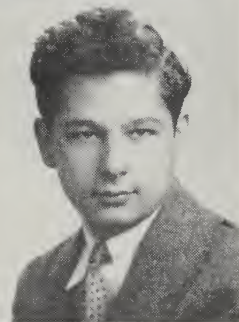
Bill is a personality of whom we are proud. He was the spark of our championship football team and captain of our championship baseball team. To the fellows who have played with him he will always be an unpretentious teammate, to the people who have watched him from the bleachers, a sturdy star. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; President of A. A. 4; Varsity Club 3, 4; Vice President of Varsity Club 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-captain 2; Captain 4; Football 4.



ANASTASIOS SOTIROPOULOS

"Sport that wrinkled care derides
And laughter holding both his sides."

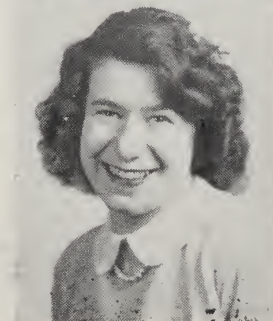
Anastasios moved among us with calm unconcern. He was employed for a time as a "Good Humor" salesman and must himself have been a good advertisement for his product. Perhaps his association with ice cream accounts for his extra weight; but we love every jovial pound of him. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Freshman Numerals.



MARJERY SPERIS

"Thou hast no sorrow in thy song
No winter in thy year."

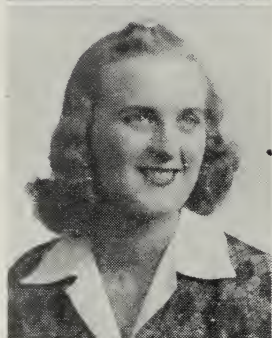
Marjery's chief joy is singing trios with Jennie Thanes and Katheryn Maniates. Haven't you heard them harmonizing one of the latest hits twenty minutes of twelve down the long stairs to cafeteria? On one Girls' Play Day in Newburyport we found that Marjery is also an experienced soloist. She captivated the be-play-suited audience with her cowboy songs and real authentic yodelling! A. A. 3, 4; Commercial Club 4.





CHRISTINE STEVENS

Christine Stevens is a short girl with a big giggle who manages the candy room with great efficiency. She has also played piano solos at our Sunday afternoon concerts and made us proud of her. Mr. Waite is always teasing her, but she seems to enjoy it and keeps her merry disposition right-side up. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Girls' Choir 3, 4.



SOPHIE TERENTOWICZ

"With lifted feet, hands still
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind,
The air goes by in a wind.
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry:--
"O bird, see; see, bird, I fly."

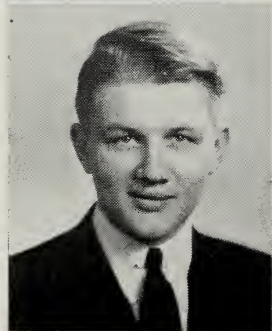
How many times Sophie must have sung this song while "Going down Hill on a Bicycle," for it is her favorite sport. Hiking and swimming also profit by participation in her life. We hope there will not be too many hills to pump up, but we continue with the poem

"Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er
Shall find wings waiting there."
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2.



JENNIE THANOS

Demure is the word for Jennie. Even when she sings in the harmonious blues trio with Marjorie Speris and Kathryn Maniates or demonstrates her ability to jitterbug the latest steps, she retains her ladylike manner. Her idea of a perfect evening is one spent before a fire with an absorbing story. We are sure that she will become an efficient bookkeeper, because she has shown us her quiet dependability. A. A. 3; Commercial Club 4.

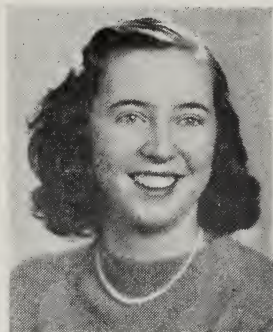


WARREN THURSTON

"Stoop", as this Rowley giant is called, is a carefree, happy-go-lucky fellow who can take a large amount of kidding. He tells us he has no interest whatsoever in the other sex, but we know better. Topsfield Road rates high in his mind. He is an avid supporter of school activities, and we sincerely hope he achieves success in his ambition to become a mechanical engineer. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

MARGUERITE TORPEY

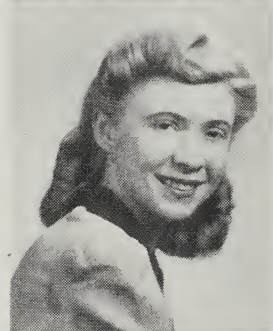
She is one of our better commercial students who can be seen jabbering in the halls in the early morning. Her activities are not a matter of common knowledge as she lives in the "sticks", but her frequent trips to Boston are something to wonder about. Her ambition is to be a nurse and we all wish her the best of luck. Girls' Glee Club 1, 4; Secretary of Glee Club 4; A. A. 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4.



SOPHIE WATROBA

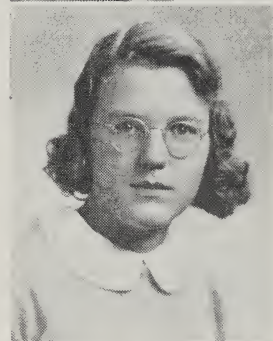
"With spots of sunny openings and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks."

Here is our blondest blonde (Ann Parsons excepted) who loves Julia Frydryck, reading, and hikes. She has also served as valuable observer and critic for Miss Huston when the Gym Exhibition was under construction. A. A. 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Cub Staff 4; Tiger Staff 4.



VIRGINIA WEAGLE

"Ginnie" is an unassuming girl whose unpretentious qualities could outshine the more publicized ones of many of her classmates. Her report card seldom sports a mark below an "A". Her intimate friends testify to her wit which other classmates can merely suspect behind the twinkle in her blue eyes. Her sensible accomplishments in domestic science denote her ability to keep her feet upon the ground; but her mind is rather often in the clouds with a certain parachute jumper. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4.



RICHARD WELLS

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon."

Not that "Barley" is blind, - not at all! He merely spent much of his time as an usher at our local theatre. The darkness did not shade his uproarious laughter and good humor, fortunately. He was one of our cheerer-upperers, as well as a good discussionist at class meetings, and a strong player on our football team. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Freshman Numerals; Science Club 1; English Club 2; Boys' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Double Quartet 1; Single Quartet 2; Football letterman 3, 4; Varsity Club 3, 4; Secretary of Varsity Club 4; Tiger staff 4.

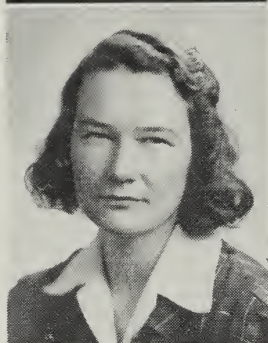




RUTH WILSON

"Tudy"

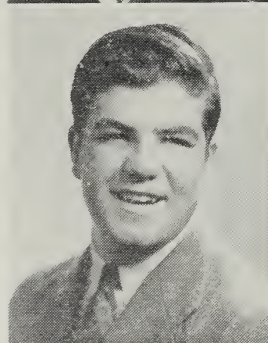
Ordinarily Tudy wears glasses, but when it came to class pictures she declared, "Well, if a man had to use an ear trumpet, he wouldn't have his picture taken with it." With just such unanswerable logic has she exercised a wholesome influence upon her class. She has won all the honors in school, and to complete her perfect record she was awarded a substantial scholarship for Smith College. Her keen wit, original mind, and versatility (she also has talent in art), have been the envy of classmates and the joy of the teachers. We assume from Tudy's frequent and infectious laugh that she thoroughly enjoys life. The following list is a proof of the wide range of her interests and of her versatility. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1; Choir 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 2, 3; Scribe 2; Consul 3; Debating Club 3; French Club 4; Vice President; Basketball 1, 2, 4; Secretary of class 1; Cub 1, 2, 3, 4; Editor-in-chief 4; Tiger 4; Editor 4; Honor award 4 years.



VIRGINIA WOOD

"Woodsie"

Our girl athlete won the Girls' Tennis Championship this year for which she received a miniature tennis racquet which she wears proudly. Although she excels in tennis, she also has a mean hand when it comes to pitching for the soft ball games. Her "inner life" is a secret even from her chums, but we do hear the name David once in a while. A. A. 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Class Celebrity.

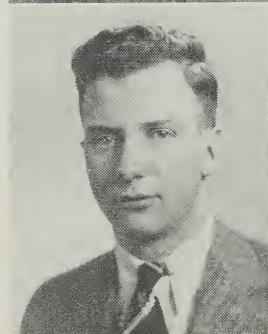


RUSSELL WOODBURY

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle,
yet not dull;

Strong without rage."

Though a native of Labor-in-Vain Road, "Dumber" is an important member of the "South Side Yeomen" in which capacity he excels at hurling the ball against the bowling pins. Before pleasure riding was restricted, he was very thoughtful about giving the girls a lift. His enthusiasm on the baseball field was one of the joys of the spring season. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.



WILLIAM VILADENIS

"There was a tailor had a mouse
Hi diddle dunkum feedle,
They lived together in one house
Hi diddle dunkum feedle."

We can hardly think of William Viladenis without laughing at the memory of something he has said to amuse us. William wants to be a tailor, following in his father's footsteps. He is starting on himself and is always up to the minute in fashion. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

PETER BUDZIANOWSKI

"He wears the rose
Of youth upon him"

Pete starred as a nimble basket-getter and floor-coverer, one of Mr. Bennett's basketball joys. In the middle of our senior year he left to serve Uncle Sam. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

Sports Review.

Football 1941

SUFFERING only one defeat during the course of the 1941 football season the Ipswich High School football team captured its third Class "D" championship in four years.

The eleven "iron men", as the starters in the Haverhill game were called, did great damage to every team which confronted them. The captain was Bill Pardekas who played a great season, accompanied by Bill Smith, a great ball carrier, Phil Burrige and Peter Pardekas, who formed a strong backfield. The line, one of the heaviest Ipswich has ever had, consisted of Merry, Wells, Cruikshank, Hopping, Retalis, Olds, Fraser, and Dailitka. These men met the challenge of a hard schedule with dogged determination.

Their major accomplishment of the '41 season was their 7-7 tie with Haverhill, which has a Class "A" rating. The 6-0 defeat of Amesbury was also a victory to be proud of and focussed the attention of the fans on the Tigers. Besides these, the Tigers rolled up a 20-7 victory over a highly rated Weston High team which had won 26 consecutive games.

The record for the season follows:

Ipswich 7	Haverhill 7
Ipswich 7	Methuen 0
Ipswich 6	Amesbury 0
Ipswich 18	Reading 0
Ipswich 7	Stoneham 0
Ipswich 13	Brewer, Maine 6
Ipswich 20	Weston 7

St. John's - rained out

Ipswich 6	Stoughton 13
Ipswich 6	St. James 0

Total 90

Total 33



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right) Albert Dailitka, Steven Putur, Anthony Machaj.

Second Row (left to right) Edward Smorczewski, Robert Graffum, Wilbur Michon, Ignatius Prisby.

Back Row (left to right) Mr. Bertram Bennett, Coach; Theodore Chumura, Fabian Mozdziej, Arthur Morgan, Manager.

Basketball 1942

CHAMPS for three successive years and the cup is retired! This was the proposition of the Cape Ann League when it was formed in 1935. This year the Ipswich High Basketball Team won the cup permanently after three consecutive years of championship. St.

Ann's of Gloucester is the only team besides Ipswich to have held the cup for two successive years.

The Tigers finished the season with a record to be pleased with. They won nine out of twelve games. Of the eight games in the Cape Ann League, they won seven!

The season was played as follows:

Cape Ann Tournament

1. St. Ann's 17	Ipswich 29
2. Rockport 34	Ipswich 51
3. Essex 15	Ipswich 29
4. Manchester 22	Ipswich 24
5. Manchester 43	Ipswich 31
6. St. Ann's 23	Ipswich 30
7. Rockport 34	Ipswich 36
8. Essex 21	Ipswich 44

Danvers Tournament

1. Danvers 33	Ipswich 38
2. Danvers 28	Ipswich 23

Independent Games

1. Marblehead 23	Ipswich 32
2. Winthrop 43	Ipswich 19

The two highest scoring Tigers this season were Machaj and Dailitka with total points of 96 and 74 respectively. Mr. Bertram Bennet of the printing department was the coach.

Baseball 1942

IN January, 1942, there didn't seem to be much hope that baseball could be swung this year with all the expenses of new equipment and the lack of fence at the ball grounds through which admittance could be charged. Then Mr. Burke, the baseball coach, had a wonderful idea, that the squad could collect scrap paper this spring to be sold at a substantial amount per ton.

Every Saturday beginning on February seventh, and often on weekdays, the boys faithfully gathered the old papers which people willingly saved for

them. At the beginning, the corps took delight in noting the amusing articles which also seemed to find their way into the tonnage. In the category of paper there was a heading "Hindenburg Smashed," and a first edition of "I'm Sorry, Dear." An old tire and some out-moded stage scenery were also greatly received. Although the boys weren't dealing primarily in rags, they collected 150 pounds of baby clothes, old dresses, and other articles. By March 31, there were 23 tons stored in the basement of the Ipswich High School.

As for the baseball team itself, it was ably co-captained by Bill Smith and Eddie Smorzewski.

Scores

Ipswich 1	Hyannis 4
Ipswich 8	Hyannis 7
Ipswich 7	Hyannis 6
Ipswich 3	Manchester 7
Ipswich 3	Manchester 2
Ipswich 5	Hamilton 6
Ipswich 6	Hamilton 8
Ipswich 15	Saugus 14
Ipswich 6	Rockport 7
Ipswich 9	Rockport 5
Ipswich 15	St. Ann 1
Ipswich 19	Company M 5

SOCIAL REVIEW

Armistice Day

AN Armistice Day Program by George Stewart was presented to the students of the high school on Monday, November 10, 1941. The pageant was enacted through a dialogue between Uncle Sam played by Arthur Morgan and Liberty played by Ruth Wilson. These two characters introduced various qualities that constitute the typical American ideals of democracy, and sought to bring before the minds of the audience a "moral equivalent for war". Others taking part in the pageant were William Senseney, Edgar Collins, Ann Parsons, James Olds, Joyce Bousley, Vivian Brockelbank, Jeanne Everitt, Carl Fyrberg, Wendell Hill, Donald Cruikshank, and Donald McPhail.

Concerts

THIS year the musical organizations of I. H. S. presented two Sunday afternoon concerts under the direction of Mr. Arthur H. Tozer.

The first concert was held on Sunday, November 16. This concert was given in recognition of American Education Week. All the schools of Ipswich were represented. The Junior High and Elementary chorus' sang some very familiar songs. Rae Everitt rendered a fine solo, "Fleeting Days," by Profesor Eben H. Bailey.

The second and last concert of the year was held on March 15. A very fine program was aranged and presented to a large enthusiastic audience. A vocal solo by Eleanor Berard was enjoyed by everyone. Christine Stevens played a piano solo, and Yvonne Cuddemi rendered a fine trombone solo.

Both concerts attracted a large audience. It is hoped that many more concerts will be presented next year.

Christmas Play

ON December 19, 1941, an alert Ipswich High School entered the auditorium to enjoy a one-act play "No Room in the Hotel." Mrs. Cowles had been coaching the play for weeks and we had been hearing lines rehearsed at random in the corridors but as to the exact nature of the performance our curiosities were still unsatisfied.

How fascinatedly, then, we watched a traveler (John Woodbury) with his wife (Lucy Eustace) and a child seeking a place to sleep one cold Christmas Eve. They asked for rooms in a small hotel in Bethlehem but an experienced desk girl (Johanne Black) realized that shabby foreigners were not welcome. Yet the mother, unable to understand her hostility, remained in the lobby with the child while the father sought lodging elsewhere. Into the lobby came a news reporter (Donald McPhail), a poetess (Rae Everitt), a

senator and his wife (Arthur Morgan and Priscilla Harris), who individually despised the foreigners.

All the characters (as well as the audience) recognized the irony of a second homeless family seeking shelter in a modern Bethlehem on Christmas Eve, yet it was the humble scrubwoman (Greta Beaton) who gave them a room in her house, and it was the mysterious traveler (Nelson Pascoe) who was moved to forget social barriers and invite the homesick negro bell hop (Malcolm Gross) to enjoy Christmas with him.

Senior Play

ON Wednesday, April 15, the Senior Class presented to a crowded auditorium the three act comedy, "June Mad." The leading parts were taken by Virginia Anzuoni as Penny Wood and Robert Lombard as Chuck Harris.

The play itself deals with the teen age infatulations of a high school girl. Penny's transient passion is directed at a smooth, fast acting, and flattering friend of her uncle's, Roger Van Vleck, played by Donald Cruikshank. Penny's mother, played by Virginia Lane, her father, played by Kenneth Leet, and her uncle, played by Casey Olds, are entirely sympathetic with her and do all they can to ease her over the difficult transitions of adolescence. After many

heart breaks their purpose is achieved, and Penny begins to take notice again of her old faithful neighbor, Chuck Harris. Roger Van Vleck is left to woo a school teacher, and Penny's uncle Meryvn has his one heart throb back again when Julie Harris, played by Joan Smith, finds out that Roger is nothing but fake at heart.

In addition to the humor furnished by Penny herself, Milly Lou, played by Vivian Brockelbank, added many laughs to the play as a young neighborhood pest. George Jones played the part of Mr. Harris, Julie and Chuck's father, while Marjorie Pierce as Effie, and John Blake as Elmer also added a romantic and humorous note. Wendell Hill and Gertrude Prisby played the parts of Shirley and Ralph Wentworth.

In spite of the rainy night the play proved to be a success and was acclaimed by many as one of the best plays that has hailed from a senior class in a long time.



CLASS OFFICERS

Front Row (left to right) Chester Bowen '45, Barbara Bolles '45, James Olds '42, Evelyn Martel '42, Marjorie Pierce '42, Wendell Hill '42, Florence Mavroides '43, Walter Jojasek '45. Back Row (left to right) Nelson Pascoe '44, David Johnson '45, John Pechilis '44, Joanne Fuller '44, Dorothy Arsenault '44, Joyce Bousley '43, Lewis Clement '43, John Pickard '43.

Ipswich High School ROLL OF HONOR

NAVY

Class of 1937

First Class Musician Joseph Atherley
Ensign Frederick Benedix, Jr.
Ensign Frank Canney
John Denningham

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, Roy
Pickering

ARMY

Corporal Angelo Retalis
Aviation Cadet Alexander
Robertson, Jr.

Class of 1938

NAVY

Fireman Second Class John Player
Ensign David Smith

ARMY

Aviation Cadet Robert Clapp
Private William Galanis
Private First Class Gordon Hulbert

Class of 1939

NAVY

Lt. Richard Davis
Boatswain's Mate George Grant
Stanley Los

ARMY

Private Joseph Hinckley
Sergeant Francis Nason

Class of 1940

NAVY

Coxwain Everett Smith
Seaman, Second Class, Stuart Mansfield
Seaman Fred Emerson
Theodore Merry

ARMY

Private Charles Arthur
Aviation Cadet Millard Austin
Private First Class Edward Blaisdell
Sergeant George Fairbanks
Private Theodore Marshall
Sergeant Arnold Pappas

MARINE CORPS

Private Omar Tremblay

Class of 1941

NAVY

Vernon Cooke
Radioman Edward Lezon

ARMY

Private John Hazen

MARINE CORPS

Private Richard Ford
Private John Comeau

Class of 1942

It is sobering to realize that of our own class of 1942 there are already six members who have joined the service of the United States. Although they may not all be able to be on the platform at our graduation exercise, we in a sense shall be with them as they continue in the service which they have so unselfishly begun.

"To all you ladies now at hand

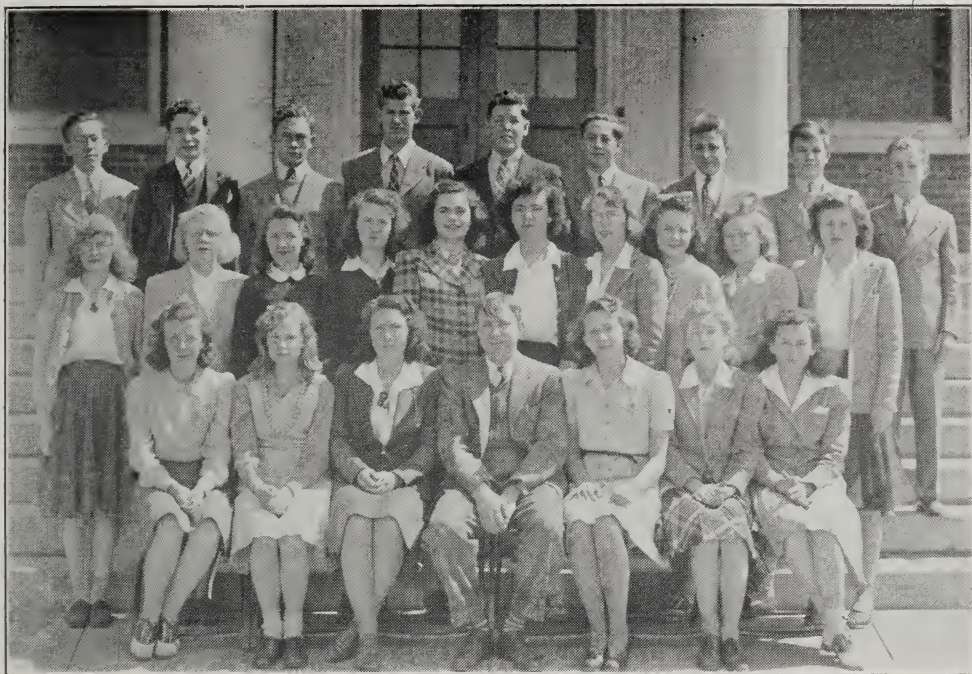
We men at war indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write."

NAVY

Peter and Zenon Budzianowski
Philip Burrige
Edgar Collins

ARMY

Private Brian Marcorelle
MARINE CORPS
Private John Blake



CUB STAFF

Front Row (left to right) Virginia Lane, Joanne Fuller, Mrs. Henry Cowles, Mr. Bertram Bennett, Ruth Wilson, Sophie Watroba, Olga Pappas.
 Second Row (left to right) Joyce Bousley, Ann Parsons, Barbara Swain, Barbara Mackenzie, Claire Bolles, Barbara Bolles, Ruth Bailey, Johanne Black, Stella Aponas, Joan Smith.
 Back Row (left to right) Wendell Hill, Lewis Clement, Carleton Clement, Donald Cruikshank, Arthur Morgan, Carl Fyrberg, Robert Lombard, Donald McPhail, Robert Denning.

CLASS CELEBRITIES

Actor	Robert Lombard
Actress	Virginia Anzuoni
Artist	Virginia Beaton
Athlete (boy)	Bill Smith
Athlete (girl)	Virginia Wood
Author	Ruth Wilson
Baby	Spiros Aloupis
Best-dressed boy	Wendell Hill
Best-dressed girl	Ruth Bailey

Most handsome boy

Most handsome boy	Donald Cruikshank
Prettiest girl	Alice Mozdziej
Boyologist	Virginia Anzuoni
Most dignified	Ruth Wilson
Musician	Francis Bourque
Most popular boy	Robert Lombard
Most popular girl	Evelyn Martel
One who has done most for the class	Ruth Wilson

One who has done most
 for the school Ruth Wilson
 Politician Arthur Morgan
 Optimist Arthur Morgan
 Pessimist Arthur Morgan
 Poet Ruth Wilson
 Class lovers Olga Pappas and
 George Retalis
 Most promising secretary
 Helen Andrews
 Most promising homemaker
 Jacqueline Marcorelle and
 Ruth Prentiss - tie

SONGS OF 1942

Spiros Aloupis — "When I Grow
 Up"
 Helen Amerio — "My Buddy"
 Robert Amerio — "The Sheik of
 Araby"
 Helen Andrews-kiewicz — "Cowboy
 Serenade"
 Virginia Anzuoni — "Honey"
 Stella Aponas — "In Her Own
 Quiet Way"
 Madeline Appleton — "You Talk
 Too Much"
 Vera Arvanites — "Over The
 Waves"
 Sophie Avelis — "Dark Eyes"
 Barbara Babcock — "Gosh Is My
 Face Red"
 Ruth Bailey — "My Sister And I"
 Charles Barney — "That Certain
 Age"
 Virginia Beaton — "Artist Life"

John Blake — "Concerto For Clar-
 inet"
 Frank Bombardiere — "The Gentle-
 man Obviously Doesn't Believe In
 Love"
 Francis Bourque — "Saxophone
 Sam"
 Vivian Brockelbank — "An Old
 Flame Never Dies"
 Peter Budzianowski — "I've Got No
 Use For Women"
 Zenon Budzianowski — "Please Go
 'Way And Let Me Sleep"
 Philip BurrIDGE — "Tell It To The
 Marines"
 Ignazio Chirco — "My Silent
 Mood"
 Edgar Collins — "I Can't Get
 Started"
 Ruth Comeau — "I Said No"
 Donald Cruikshank — "Paddle
 Your Own Canoe"
 Yvonne Cuddemi — "And The
 Band Played On"
 Alice Czernacko — "With A Song
 In My Heart"
 Jane Dolan — "Innocent"
 Mary Emerson — "While A
 Cigarette Was Burning"
 Mary Eustace — "Me And My
 Shadow"
 Julia Frydryck — "Five Feet Two
 With Eyes Of Blue"
 Carl Fyrberg — "Smile, Be Happy"
 Alice Galanis — "My Bill"
 Gianefa Galaska — "This Love Of
 Mine"



I. H. S. ORCHESTRA

Front Row (left to right) John Blake, Sylvester Conley, Leo Marcorelle, Claire Gallant, Elizabeth Burns, Celia Mallard, Yvonne Cuddemi.

Rear Row (left to right) Richard Chapman, Robert Conary, Albert Hulbert, Mr. Arthur Tozer, George Hovey, William Burns, Byard Horsman, William Conley.

Sophie Haritos — "This Is No Laughing Matter"

Howard Hill — "In My Merry Oldsmobile"

Wendell Hill — "High On A Windy Hill"

Norman Hopping — "Deep In A Dream Of You"

Alec Iwic — "Let's Go Slumming"

Florence Jones — "Tumbling Tum-bleweeds"

George Jones — "Deep In The Heart Of Texas"

Eva Lamothe — "Sophisticated Lady"

Virginia Lane — "Simple And Sweet"

Kenneth Leet — "Beat Me Daddy Eight To The Bar"

Marjorie Lemieux — "Old Man Mose (ly)"

Catherine Lombard — "She Wooded Him And Wooded Him And Wooded Him"

Robert Lombard — "At Your Beck And Call"

Thaddeus Maciejowski — "Today I Am A Man"

Elaine MacKenney — "Jim"

Barbara Mackenzie — "Just One More Chance"

Kathryn Maniates — "Little Brown Jog"

Jacqueline Marcaurelle — "All Alone And Lonely"

Raymond Marcaurelle — "Marie"

Brian Marcorelle — "Keep 'Em Flying"

Louis Marcorelle — "Tangerine"

Evelyn Martel — "He's 1-A In The Army, And He's A-1 In My Heart"

Lowell Merry — "Shake Down The Stars"

Arthur Morgan — "Charming Faker"

Christine Mourikas — "Without A Man To Love"

Alice Mozdziez — "Lovely To Look At"

Mary Murawski — "Just A Little Bit South Of North Carolina"

James Olds — "Franklin D. Roosevelt Olds"

Olga Pappas — "Georg-ia"

Ann Parsons — "Just A Blue-Eyed Blonde"

Phyllis Perkins — "Careless"

Florence Pickard — "You Can Depend On Me"

Marjorie Pierce — "Margie"

Helen Pikul — "You're A Sweet Little Headache"

Annette Poirier — "Stand Up And Cheer"

Joseph Poirier — "The Last Time I Saw Paris"

Peter Polychronopoulos — "Peter Piper"

Ruth Prentiss — "Charlie Is My Darling"

Gertrude Prisby — "Whose Honey Are You"

Ignatius Prisby — "In My Solitude"

George Retalis — "Volga Boatman"

Margaret Robertson — "The Red School House"

Walter Rygielski — "Smiles"

Betty Scott — "It's A Sin To Tell A Lie"

Joan Smith — "When The Rob-Rob-Robin Comes Hop-Hop-Hopping Along"

William Smith — "You've Got To
Be A Football Hero"

Anastatius Sotiropoulos — "What's
In A Name"

Marjery Speris — "Yodeling Cow-
boy"

Christine Stevens — "Old Suzanna
Dust Off The Old Piana"

Sophie Terentowicz — "Intermez-
zo"

Jennie Thanos — "Playmates"

Warren Thurston — "For He's A
Jolly Good Fellow"

Marguerite Torpey — "The Girl
Behind The Counter"

Sophie Watroba — "There's Some-
thing About A Soldier"

Virginia Weagle — "An Old Spin-
ning Wheel"

Richard Wells — "Freshman Love"

Ruth Wilson — "All American
Girl"

Virginia Wood — "Take Me Out
To The Ball Game"

Russell Woodbury — "Stout-Heart-
ed Men"

William Viladenis — "Arthur Mur-
ray Taught Me Dancing In A Hurry"

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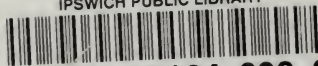
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